

Volume Forty    •    Number Nine

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MICHIGAN UNION CLUB  
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# Colliers

The *NATIONAL*  
WEEKLY

This Issue being the  
**THANKSGIVING**  
Number Published on  
the TWENTY THIRD day  
of November 1907

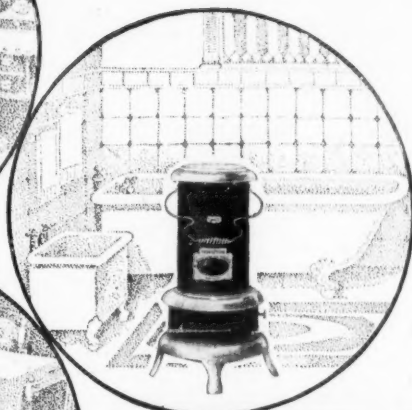
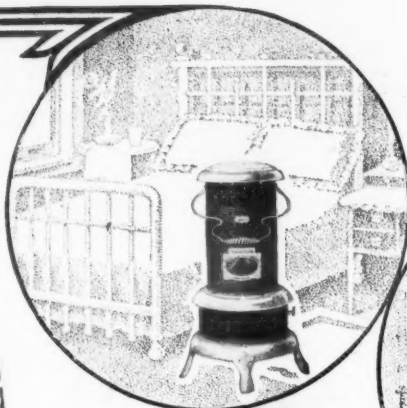
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Room to Room



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Open your sleeping-room windows—let in the  
isp, fresh air—what matters it if your room does get cold—you will sleep better and  
el brighter in the morning. But your room need not be cold while dressing—a touch  
a match and the welcome heat is radiating from the

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(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Pick it up and carry it to the bath-room—it's perfectly safe—and your morning  
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The Automatic Smokeless Device prevents all smoke and smell and makes it impossible  
to turn the wick too high or too low.

Cleaned in a minute—burns 9 hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel  
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for all-round household use. It is equipped with the  
latest improved central draft burner—gives a bright light at small  
cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass  
throughout and nickel plated. Suitable for library, dining-room, parlor or bed-room. Every  
lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp and Perfection Heater from your dealer,  
write to our nearest agency.



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(Incorporated)





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## Quaker Oats

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The best start for any day's work, study or play, is a dish of **Quaker Oats**

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**Quaker Wheat Berries** Heat in a slow oven before eating and you'll find it the most delicious form of whole wheat—entire grains—puffed and baked. 10¢ a package.

**Quaker Cornmeal** The unusual quality will be an agreeable surprise to you. For sale at all grocers.

**Quaker Rice** Crisp by heating before serving. This is the most generally eaten cereal in the world and this is its best form. Dainty and strengthening. 10¢ a package.

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
CHICAGO



## Horlick's Malted Milk

Original and Only Genuine,—

is a food-drink—a powder, soluble in water—no cooking—made from pure, rich milk and malted grains. A sample, free, upon application.

It is nourishing, sustaining, satisfying, and is a complete food for infants, convalescents and the aged, as well as a healthful, invigorating and delicious food-drink for every member of the family. All druggists.

## Horlick's Malted Milk 1908 Calendar

depicts C. Allan Gilbert's conception of Shakespeare's Heroines—*Rosalind*, *Portia* and *Juliet*—costumed in the fashions of their own times, and bringing to us the romance, love and humor they so aptly portrayed. Each portrait bears the artist's signature.

The calendar is exquisitely printed in colors, while the reverse side displays a series of illustrations of Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, each age being represented by a noted character from the plays of the great poet.

Mailed to any address for 10c coin or stamps.

This superb art panel, 9½x35 inches in size, makes a charming decoration for the library, living room, boudoir or den. An artistic gift to any friend.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Company**  
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## The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present



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Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

## The December Records

YOU won't get all the entertainment out of your EDISON PHONOGRAPH unless you buy the NEW RECORDS. New Records mean new entertainment. You will never get over the first fresh enjoyment of your Phonograph if you keep it supplied with the new records as they come out. Here, for instance, is the December list. Read it over and see what a lot of good ones there are.

9698	Waltz from Romeo and Juliet (Gounod)	Edison Concert Band
9699	I'll Be Waiting, Dearie, When You Come Back Home (Havez)	Reed Miller
9700	In Monkey Land (Morise)	Collins and Harland
9701	The Merry Widow Waltz (Lehar)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9702	Some Day When Dreams Come True (Staats)	Irving Gillette
9703	Ring Out the Bells for Christmas (Williams-Ecke)	Edison Concert Band
9704	Flanagan's Trouble with His Tailor (Original)	Steve Porter
9705	Honey Boy Medley (Original)—Xylophone	Albert Benzler
9706	Wouldn't You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart? (Robyn)	Ada Jones
9707	Three Rubes Seeing New York (Original)	Edson Vaudeville Co.
9708	I Get Dippy When I Do That Two-Step Dance (Fitzgibbon)	Arthur Collins
9709	Pretty Black-Eyed Susan (Seltzer)	Edison Military Band
9710	Won't You Waltz "Home, Sweet Home" With Me for Old Times' Sake? (Ingraham)	
9711	Rescue the Perishing (Doane)	Byron G. Harlan
9712	Marianina (Brockman)	Anthony and Harrison
9713	Florida Rag (Lowry)	Jas. Brockman
9714	Make a Lot of Noise (Cohan)	Vess L. Osman
9715	Old Dog Sport (Original)	Billy Murray
9716	Two Blue Eyes (Morise)	Len Spencer and Gilbert Girard
9717	Love's Confession (Klemmer)	Reinald Werrenrath
9718	When the Sheep are in the Fold, Jennie Dear (Helf)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9719	So, What's the Use? (Montague)	Manuel Romain
9720	Broncho Bob and His Little Cheyenne (Original)	Bob Roberts
9721	Old Faithful March (Holzmann)	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
		Edison Military Band

Go to your dealer or write today and get these booklets: COMPLETE CATALOGUE, SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE and the PHONOGRAM. They tell about all the Records, old and new, and give descriptions of the music.

Edison Records are also made in Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue.



Thomas A. Edison

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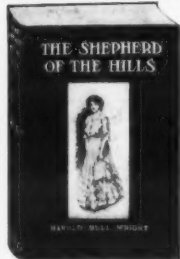
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# Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, November 23, 1907



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Volume XL

Number 9



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the most valuable of all sauces, because it perfects the flavor of the greatest variety of dishes.

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THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city and any statement made can be absolutely relied upon. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

# Collier's National Hotel Directory

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirtieth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

**Hotel Belvedere** A palatial steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.50 a day up.

### BOSTON, MASS.

**Copley Square Hotel** Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern house. 350 delightful rooms, 200 private baths. E. \$1.50 up.

**United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 300 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

**The Lenox** Modern. Highest Grade. Fireproof. E. \$1.50 up. Continuous Electric Carriage Service for patrons thro Business District and to Depots.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st, Boul. and Lake Shore. American & European plan. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

**Lexington Hotel** Michigan Boulevard and 23d St. Absolutely fire-proof. Easily reached and in pleasantest part of city. E. P. \$1.50 up.

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### CLEVELAND, OHIO

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### DETROIT, MICH.

**The Tuller** In centre of city. Fire-proof and new. Unexcelled service. European plan. Every room with bath. \$1.50 up. M. A. Shaw, Mgr.

### HARTFORD, CONN.

**The Garde** Connecticut's largest and most modern Hotel. Beautifully located, facing State Capitol. 1 block from Union Sta. Garage. A. and E. Plan.

### NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**Handy's New Hotel Davenport** A. & E. Plan. Music, 6 to 12 P.M. All trains met. Commercial men's home.

### NEW ORLEANS, LA.

**New Denechaud** New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.

**The Grunewald** Largest, newest and best. Cost \$2,000,000. "Unquestionably the best kept hotel in the South." Rates E. P. \$1 and up.

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**Breslin** On Broadway, cor 29th St. Centre of shopping and theatre district. Everything the best at reasonable prices. 500 large sunlit rooms, 300 with bath.

**Collingwood** West 35th St., near Fifth Ave. Con- theatres. Modern, fireproof. F. V. Wishart.

**Hotel Endicott** 81st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European, \$1.50 up.

**Fifth Ave. Hotel** Madison Sq., 23d & 24th Sts. This property has not been sold as reported. The high standard of excellence which has made it famous will be maintained. American plan, \$5. European plan, \$2. Hitchcock, Darling & Co.

**Grand Union** Hotel. Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restaurants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.

**Hotel Seville** Madison Ave. and 29th St. Absolute quiet in the center of the city. Rates \$2 up. With bath \$2.50 to \$5. Edw. Purchas, Manager.

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

**The New Wellington** 7th Ave. and 35th St. 3 blocks from Central Park. Remodeled and newly furnished throughout. 300 rooms with bath, \$2 upwards. J. F. Champlin.

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**Quebec** Chateau Frontenac. American Plan.

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**Hotel Ryan** The leading hotel of the Northwest. Centrally located. Fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. Alfred A. Pocock, Proprietor.

### SEATTLE, WASH.

**Savoy Hotel** Seattle, Washington. 12 stories, con- crete, steel and marble. In fashion- able shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. English grill. \$1.00 up.

### TROY, N. Y.

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### CANADA

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# EDITORIAL BULLETIN

New York, Saturday, November 23, 1907

## Our Forty-sixth State

What kind of new sister have we admitted into the company of States? What is Oklahoma? In next week's issue of Collier's these queries will be answered in Richard Lloyd Jones's article on the forty-sixth Commonwealth, that has been formed by joining old Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory. It is hard for the reader to realize that eighteen years ago the Territory then erected into Oklahoma was practically unsettled and was still looked upon merely as a hunting-ground for the tribes of Indian Territory. Enthusiastic Oklahomans say that 750,000 people occupy that Territory now. The growth in population of Indian Territory began longer ago, and has been a little slower, but the red partner of the union comes forward now with about 750,000 people. Here, then, has grown up in a few years a State with a population of 1,500,000, with an Indian and a blind man all ready to go to the United States Senate, and with a claim on five seats in the House of Representatives. The Indian half of it has raised some puzzling questions—much hard work has been done by the Government in settling them. Maxfield Parrish's cover design will suggest the spirit of the new State, and Mr. Jones's article will explain its make-up.

## A Little Drama Out in Idaho

Whoever believes that interest died out in the Haywood case when the Boise jury brought in a verdict of acquittal is sure to be disappointed. The blowing up of Sheriff Brown of Oregon, who was expected to play a part in the forthcoming trials of Moyer and Pettibone, has only augmented slightly the stream of comment that still flows across the country. Collier's remarks on the significance of that event have resulted in diverting much of this comment toward us. One man asks:

"Why do you assume that the Western Federation should commit crimes that are diametrically opposed to its own best interests?"

As a matter of record, have we assumed this? Another correspondent starts out by saying:

"You seem unable to accept the verdict of 'twelve good men and true.'"

A third instructs us:

"The cardinal principle underlying Socialism is that Man is a creature of his heredity and environment. Followed to its logical conclusion, this precludes all idea of the individual being responsible for his acts."

The letter then applies this doctrine to the facts in the Idaho case. Now, the facts in that case are multitudinous and interesting; they are far more vital than Socialistic theorizing. For example, there was the indictment and trial of United States Senator W. E. Borah for alleged complicity in timber land frauds. Indicted before the Haywood trial, along with the dead ex-Governor Steunenberg, Borah could not obtain a trial until after the jury had passed on the Haywood case. Meanwhile, Borah appeared as counsel for the prosecution. Behind lay a story that makes the letters of many of our critics seem hasty. C. P. Connolly, whose articles on the Moyer-Haywood case appeared in Collier's, will tell that story in an early issue.

## That Japanese Schoolboy

This week's issue, being almost wholly concerned with Thanksgiving material, seemed to have no place for Hashimura Togo's latest letter. Next week, however, these thoughts of a Japanese Schoolboy will be resumed. Many queries concerning Togo and the letters come to us. Who is he? Is he really a Japanese? Did we tell the truth when we said that Togo describes himself as a 35-year-old pupil in an American school? We can only say, at this time, that the author has imposed silence upon us. Later, perhaps—



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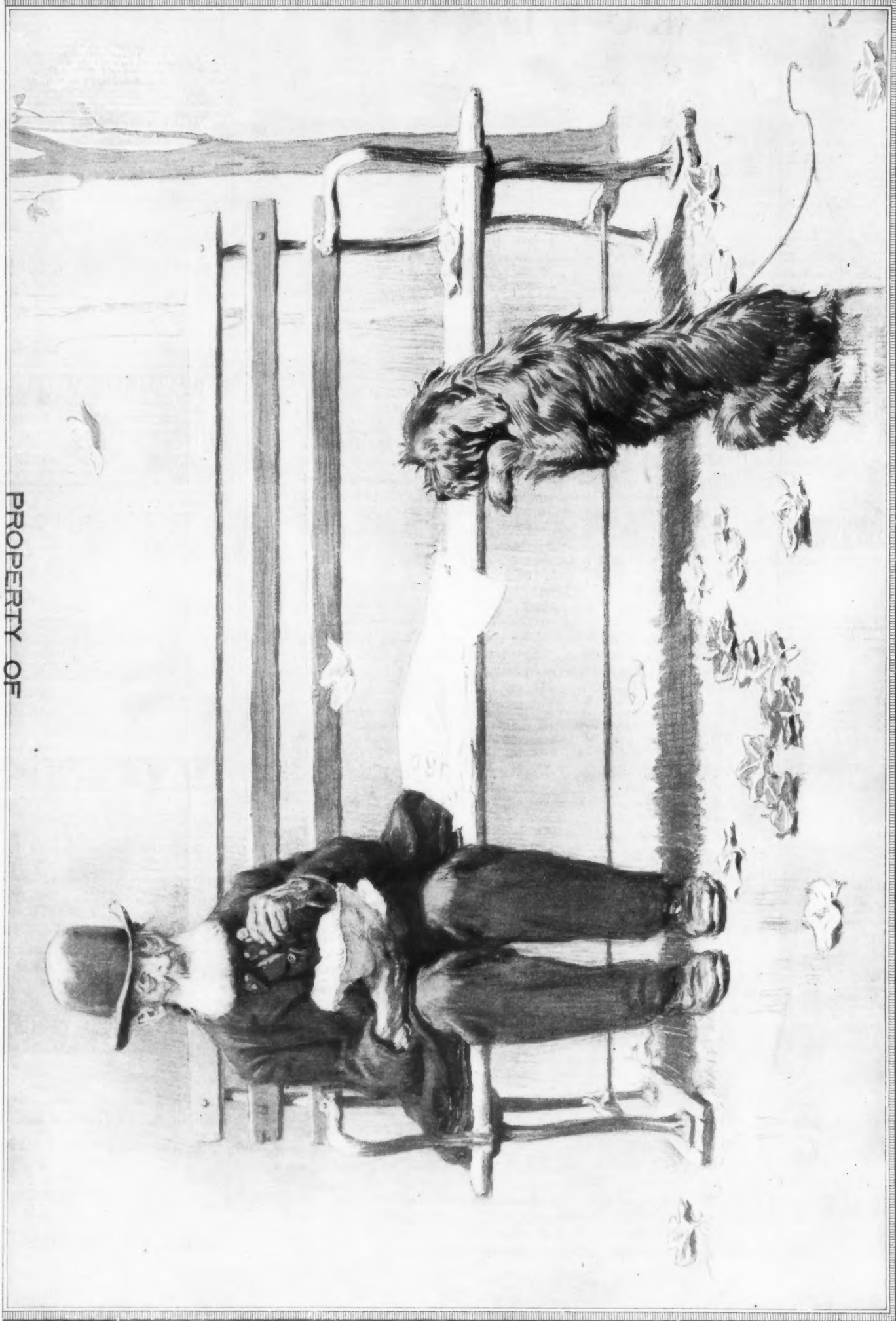
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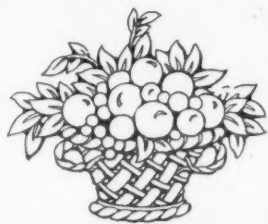
Drawn by WALTER APPLETON CLARK  
Verses by NIXON WATERMAN

**O**h, bless Thanksgiving Day! Nor yet  
Can feast of bread and meat and wine,  
Alone, within the breast begot  
The peace of gratitude divine.

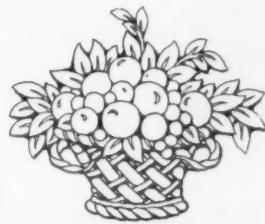
**N**or for men's selves, nor for their own  
Loud fees, the thankful board is spread;  
For him who wills to dine alone  
The spirit of the day is dead.

**T**he joy is his whose loves or crust  
Are shared with stranger-folk or friend;  
Who, in his larger loving trust,  
Gives of whatever God may send.





# Collier's



## The National Weekly

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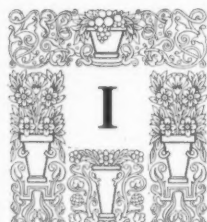
Saturday, November 23, 1907



### What the Day Means

AM GLAD," said Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON of a certain individual, "that he thanked God for anything," and HORACE went so far as to charge us all with this lamentable shortcoming: "the unwilling gratitude of base mankind." But these gentlemen were diverting themselves with the exuberance of artistic license. Far deeper saw the eye of the ever-truthful WORDSWORTH:

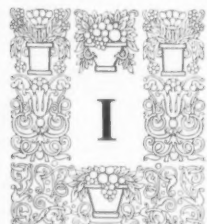
"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning."



I

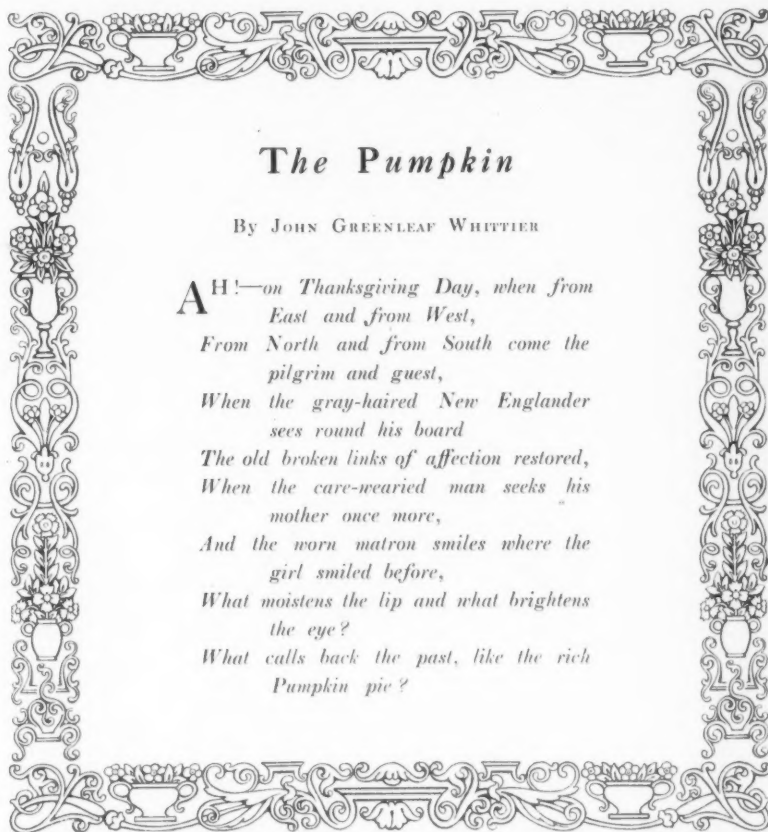
IN no country should a grateful swelling of the heart be easier than in our own. Since Governor BRADFORD, in 1621, after the Pilgrims gathered their first harvest, named the first Thanksgiving day on this continent, Americans have had every possibility of rejoicing. Good fortune has been ours at all times. There was a Thanksgiving for peace in 1784; for the adoption of the Constitution in 1789; at WASHINGTON's suggestion for the putting down of insurrection in 1795; again for peace in 1815. What was for so long an occasional offering grew step by step into a custom. One State adopted it after another; first one church and then another; and in a comparatively few years the holiday became national. The day of thanksgiving is placed at the time when is consummated the yearly event of greatest material importance to mankind; the harvesting of the crops. The Hebrew feast of tabernacles, from which our Thanksgiving is derived, was "the feast of ingathering at the end of the year." Of all the blessings which we may count, as any autumn passes in the eternal circuit, those which the day most saliently recalls are the bounties of the field, the fertility of nature, the wealth on which so large a part of everything is based. It is the god of harvest who is praised:

"The valleys laugh and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice."



I

IN this natural basis for happiness America has indeed been blessed. For four centuries civilized man has been spreading himself across her vast expanse, receiving for his toil a readier reward than elsewhere in the world, conquering with ease a higher average of comfort than is known in other lands. We are most fortunate in our fertility, our area, our temperate climate, and in an isolation which permits us to labor in freedom from alarm. Everywhere has nature smiled. If we fail of happiness, her at least we can not with any fairness blame. To us she has been so much that it ought to be a pleasant task to give her aid; to end the carelessness with which she has been treated; to protect her forests, streams, and mineral deposits; not only to be thankful for her past beneficence, but readily to lend her needed help.

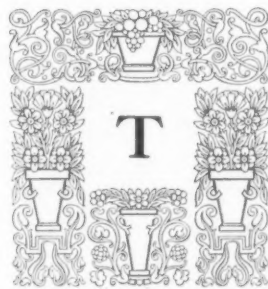


### The Pumpkin

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AH!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from  
East and from West,  
From North and from South come the  
pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander  
sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his  
mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the  
girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens  
the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich  
Pumpkin pie?

The whole happiness of life for our children and grandchildren, for centuries to come, is bound up with these minerals, streams, and trees. Their future Thanksgivings will be affected by the generosity or selfishness which we prove now.

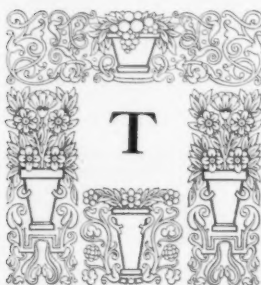


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### The Look Ahead

THE EYES OF ALL are on us still—on the largest experiment yet made in the world for equal opportunity. No man can know the future, or even make a guess that may not wear the look of folly in a century; yet none the less firm is our hope that our civilization shall grow steadily in justice and in kindness, in efficiency and in charm. The cloud that has hung about the business world these last months may be to our true advantage. It may help us to solid foundations, to more genuine aspirations. "Prosperity," Lord Bacon pointed out, "is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction," and the philosopher saw also that even in the older book the pencil of the Holy Ghost had labored more in describing the afflictions of JOB than the felicities of SOLOMON. Material welfare if worthily used may bring out the best in a civilization or a man; but if it be enjoyed for itself alone it is the omen to decay. It was a very wise and noble gentleman who said that prosperity could only be rightly enjoyed by him who had no fear of losing it. If, to give an illustration to these generalities, it should come to pass that in some seven or eight months from now there should be as candidates for the chief magistracy one man whose reality of justice

made the timidity of wealth afraid, and another man whose eye saw no further than the dollar of to-morrow, the choice would be clear. It is not always easy to know the right, but we can at least make up our minds to follow it without fear whenever it is seen.

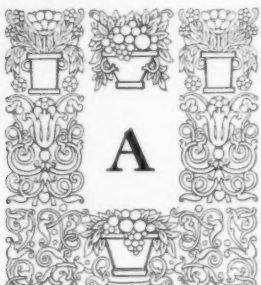


### The Wagon and the Star

THE WORLD ADVANCES without doubt in scientific mastery of nature, which means safety, health, and comfort, and in the brotherhood of man. In art and imagination can it again equal what other ages have left behind? One of the most gifted dramatists now living said that he should advise any young Englishman of dramatic talent to settle in the United States. Our changing and dynamic future, he thought, would bring with it larger expression than the settled civilizations will produce. Enthusiasm, intellectual interest, earnestness of thought will seek a voice of beauty:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity."

Sincerity, whether sad or gay, popular alertness to the forms and visions of the actual and the ideal, these bring to a nation that atmosphere without which history is but "landscape without a sky."



### Step by Step

AS ONE ADVANCEMENT, more often than not, betokens a general march ahead, there is much encouragement in our visible political progression. The country is better every way for what San Francisco voted on November 5, for what Toledo voted, and we are inclined to think for what Cleveland voted also. Chance, not deserving, is often umpire, even in the best of times, and it was chance that produced one clear evil of this month's balloting: Judge WHITMAN, who had stood upon high ground, went down with his surroundings, because of the New York ballot form and the extreme difficulty it puts in the way of voting by conviction. Without this obstacle the people would have elected him. Mayor FAGAN fell a sacrifice, beaten by the hostility of both machines. It is not clear sailing yet, but it is nevertheless a time when the best men are sought, when each month finds more enlightenment in the general mind. In a decade perhaps it will be the rule for men to act on the principles of—let us say for example—the present Governor of New York; and when we find such a man we imagine he cares little whether he is nominated for a higher office or not; whether or not he is asked to continue at his present post, or to take up his profession and his private life. For the straight character and developed intellect the great values of living exist in any station; everywhere lies the privilege of choice; nowhere is there absent the mighty difference between apathy and devotion.

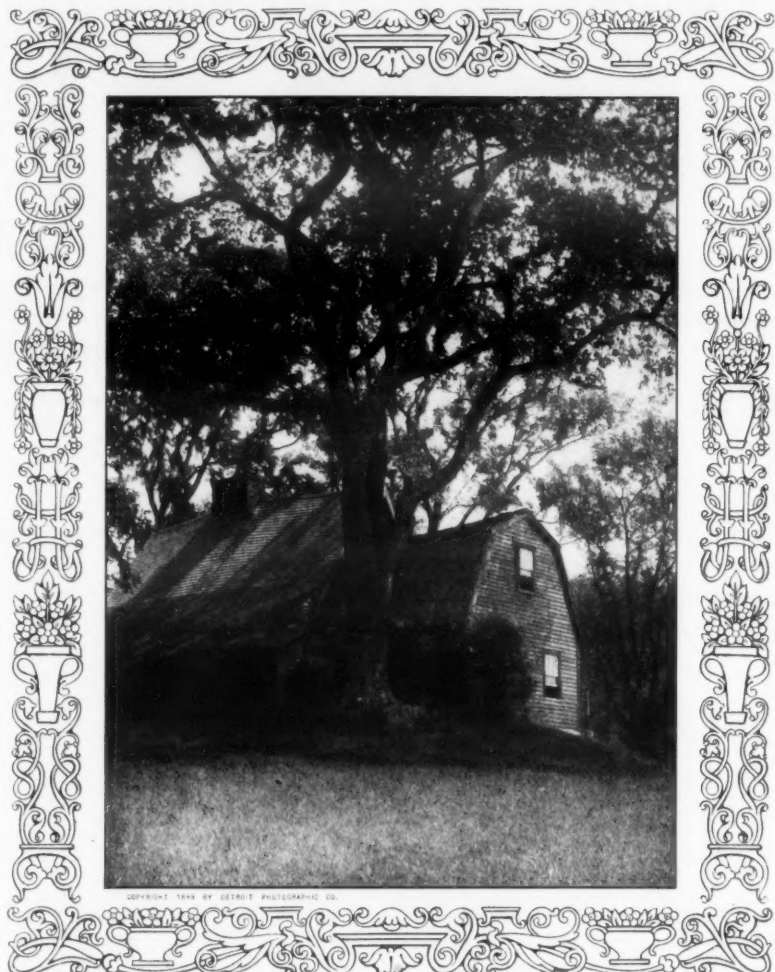


### Far Away

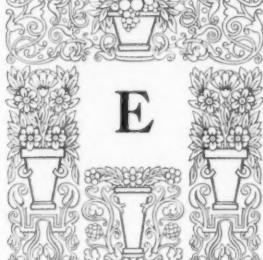
MANY SOULS buried alive by a terrible landslide in Bokhara!" an American reads as he sips his morning coffee. It means little at the distance. Burial alive seems a device of fiction; he recalls POE's "Cask of Amontillado," or the last scene in "Aida." Yet only a few weeks ago, in that "jungle of peaks" at the heart of Asia, a great mountain crashed down and engulfed the town at its base. Such mountains are alive and threatening. Our White Mountains and Adirondacks, Blue Ridge and even Rockies, are innocuous beside those surging peaks at the unknown heights of the world. Men and women like ourselves have their homes in these regions. To quote a description of that contemporary who has made the East his own, and brought it so much nearer to the West:

"Along their tracks lay the villages of the hill-folk—mud and earth huts, timbers now and then rudely carved with an ax—clinging like swallows' nests against the steep; huddled on tiny flats half-way down a three-thousand-foot glissade; jammed into a corner between cliffs that funneled and focused every wandering blast; or, for the sake of summer pasture, cowering down on a neck that in winter would be ten feet deep in snow. . . . 'Surely the gods live here,' said Kim, beaten down by the silence and appalling sweep. . . . 'This is no place for men.'"

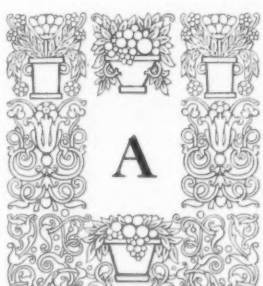
Yet men live there among those mountains and fight with them. Those peaks are not merely geological formations; they are giants hulking above the hill-folk. Remarks Peachey Carnehan, comrade of "The Man Who Would be King": "And these mountains, they never keep still, no more than the goats. Always fighting they are and don't let you sleep at night."



### The Peace of Nature



EVERYBODY KNOWS the life-work given to the poor by JACOB RIIS. One of his later foundations is the Riis Neighborhood Settlement, and from the recent results can be selected one tendency of especial interest. For a number of years the Settlement has had 130 families which it regards as particularly its own. Of this number, 70 families, or more than half, have during the past year grown discontented with the slums and moved away, farther from the congested centre, where for the same rent they can get better rooms, better air and light and sanitation, better surroundings, and something worthier the name of home, most of them going into two-family houses in Brooklyn or the Bronx. There could be no more true betterment than such discontent as this—than the break from the dark and dirty crowding of the slum away toward the open light, the patch of grass, the vital air, and the peace that comes when there is enough of beneficent and cheering nature in the daily life we lead.



### Emotions of the Elephant

TRICK ELEPHANT, on his return from a special performance, was standing quietly at a suburban street-crossing and majestically accepting the admiring attention of the bystanders. Suddenly, a small terrier attacked one of his fellow beings, and, of course, a crowd collected. The elephant was completely forgotten until he recalled himself to the attention of the populace by unexpectedly reaching forth with his trunk and promptly separating the combatants by tossing them both over his back. Why did the beast do it? Is it that the moral sense and the kindness of heart of the high-browed animal were shocked both by the sight of the suffering dog who was getting the worst of it and by the scandal of a group of his fellow higher animals taking delight in the spectacle? To this the biologic cynic would retort, first, that the elephant hates little dogs; second, that upon proper occasion, nothing gives him greater pleasure than trampling the life out of any human being who has offended him; and third, that his high-domed forehead is occupied almost entirely by air-cells. Ask any experienced keeper or mahout, and he will tell you promptly that the motive that moved the elephant was probably fear. One of the things that the great mammoths are desperately afraid of is a small and barking dog. The sudden appearance of one of these noisy apparitions under his fore feet will turn a



## A Thanksgiving

By BLISS CARMAN

**I**T is the mellow season  
When gold enchantment lies  
On stream and road and woodland,  
To gladden soul's surmise.  
The little old gray homesteads  
Are quiet as can be,  
Among their stone-fenced orchards  
And meadows by the sea.

**H**ERE lived the men who gave us  
The purpose that holds fast,  
The dream that nerves endeavor,  
The glory that shall last.  
Here strong as pines in winter  
And free as ripening corn,  
Our faith in fair ideals—  
Our fathers' faith—was born.

**H**ERE shone through simple living,  
With pride in word and deed,  
And consciences of granite,  
The old New England breed.  
With souls assayed by hardship,  
Illumined, self-possessed,  
Strongly they lived, and left us  
Their passion for the best.

**O**N trails that cut the sunset,  
Above the last divide,  
The vision has not vanished,  
The whisper has not died.  
From Shasta to Katahdin,  
Blue Hill to Smoky Ridge,  
Still stand the just convictions  
That stood at Concord Bridge.

**B**ENEATH our gilded revel,  
Behind our ardent boast,  
Above our young impatience  
To value least and most,  
Sure as the swinging compass  
To serve at touch of need,  
Square to the world's four corners,  
Abides their fearless creed.

**S**TILL fired with wonder-working,  
Intolerant of peers,  
Impetuous and sanguine  
After the hundred years,  
In likeness to our fathers,  
Beyond the safe-marked scope  
Of reason and decorum,  
We jest and dare and hope.

**T**HANK we the Blood that bred us,  
Clear fibre and clean strain—  
The Truth which straightly sighted  
Lets no one swerve again.  
And may almighty Goodness  
Give us the will to be  
As sweet as upland pastures  
And strong as wind at sea.

behemoth, who could lift a thirty-foot teak log with one twist of his trunk, into two and a half tons of panic. The only clue as to the nature of this dread lies in the well-known fact that he is vividly afraid of another very small creature, namely the rat. It is general knowledge that a single rat or even a mouse in an elephant house will set half a dozen great tuskers quivering and trumpeting. Though they look about as sensitive as leather-covered pile-drivers, the great feet of the elephant are his tenderest point. When a mahout really wishes to punish an elephant, instead of pounding him over the head with his ankus, or iron goad—which he minds not half as much as a schoolboy objects to having his ears boxed—he hammers him on the toe-nails of his fore feet. A half-dozen well-directed blows there will bring the great creature to his knees whimpering for mercy. Elephants sleep standing, and rats have a habit of running in at night and gnawing at their feet. Two or three attacks of this sort make the helpless monster utterly unable to sleep from fear and pain. The elephant seems to feel the same dread toward a miniature dog, which darts about more quickly than his eye can follow, and may at any minute run under his guard and bite his toes.

### Enthusiasm

ERVOR SEEMS, to our perception, to mark this letter from a reader:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"SIR—I ask for space for this in your columns because everybody ought to know something about Oregon, The Only One, for a knowledge of such a country gives a man a hook to hang a hope on—a hope that he may some time get there.

"The climate of Oregon is the kind you would make yourself if able and bottle up if you could to take with you when you travel. EDISON says he is going to build houses with thick, hollow walls and squirt cool stuff in them in summer and something warm in winter. That is to say, he is trying artificially to obtain Oregon climate. He expects to secure at enormous cost what everybody in Oregon gets for nothing. SYLVESTER STEWART."

Long may the West feel this abounding pride of youth. The idea of Oregon cheers us also: may she act more generously regarding her resources than her present Governor wishes her to act.

### Words

**G**OOD READING, when it happens to be produced in the much-writing of the day, always fills us with enthusiasm. What was said here about "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" has called out from Mr. LOCKHART MILLER of Glenside, Pennsylvania, a letter of which the following is the greater part:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"Sir—So you say with Marcus we have the richest language, and that we hoard up our 'infinite' wealth of words between the boards of dictionaries. And, 'Let us rather encourage the use of our noble language'!

"Son, did you ever hear of Dean SWIFT, and do you remember that passage wherein he tells of those who spend their days in dicing words, forming a golden literature from the chance-laid sequences? For the language is a rich one, 'noble' and 'infinite'!

"And, son, in four words—so poverty-stricken was that father in his agony—SOLOMON poured forth his 'infinite' grief—'O ABSALOM, my son'! And in two words, two simple childish syllables, is bound up the real infinite—'God Is.' And did you ever think, good writer of noble English—did you ever ponder on the simple truth that the Saviour of Mankind must have spoken in simple syllables, in homely language, in brazen coins, whenever the children pressed into the circle of the elders? If you doubt that this most Eloquent of Eloquent spake thus, what of His sayings are best remembered? There is one—'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Simple language that, so simple that even the little children loved Him the more for it. They understood. And how homely, how brazen—and how lacking in nobleness perhaps—is, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!' And, scorner of worn bronze coinage, that mite of eternity, a homely word, Father, is used by a carpenter to unlock the bronze gates of fear—God henceforth became Father.

"Yes, let us rather encourage the use of our noble language. Let us grow lilies and roses, let us fashion swords of Damaskeen sheen, let us rear mystic pillars where the Brazen Boatman lands—why, let us cry that we thirst and hunger and die, even as we struggle forward with a stalwart red health. Let us make clothes of the finest linen and silk—treasure-chests full—just for the sake of growing them, of making them. Never mind a use to which to put them!

"Do not take offense. Will you let a fool amend your words? Let us rather encourage—what? Let us encourage thinking. Believe it or no, thinking comes first, speaking and writing and printing after a while.

"If men think 'nice,' then 'nice' is all they need utter. If men have mite-like thoughts, then the base bronze coin of the verbal realm is all they need. If men 'rubber,' then perhaps rubberneck is the fit word. But if men have dreams—like DE QUINCY and POE and the caravannish tellers of the Thousand and One Tales—verily, the tale of words will need an almost 'infinite' tally; there will be an almost endless telling. Let us rather encourage the use of a time for taking thought—the words will take care of themselves. If a man thinks of God, he will not think of 'nice,' or 'rubberneck.'"

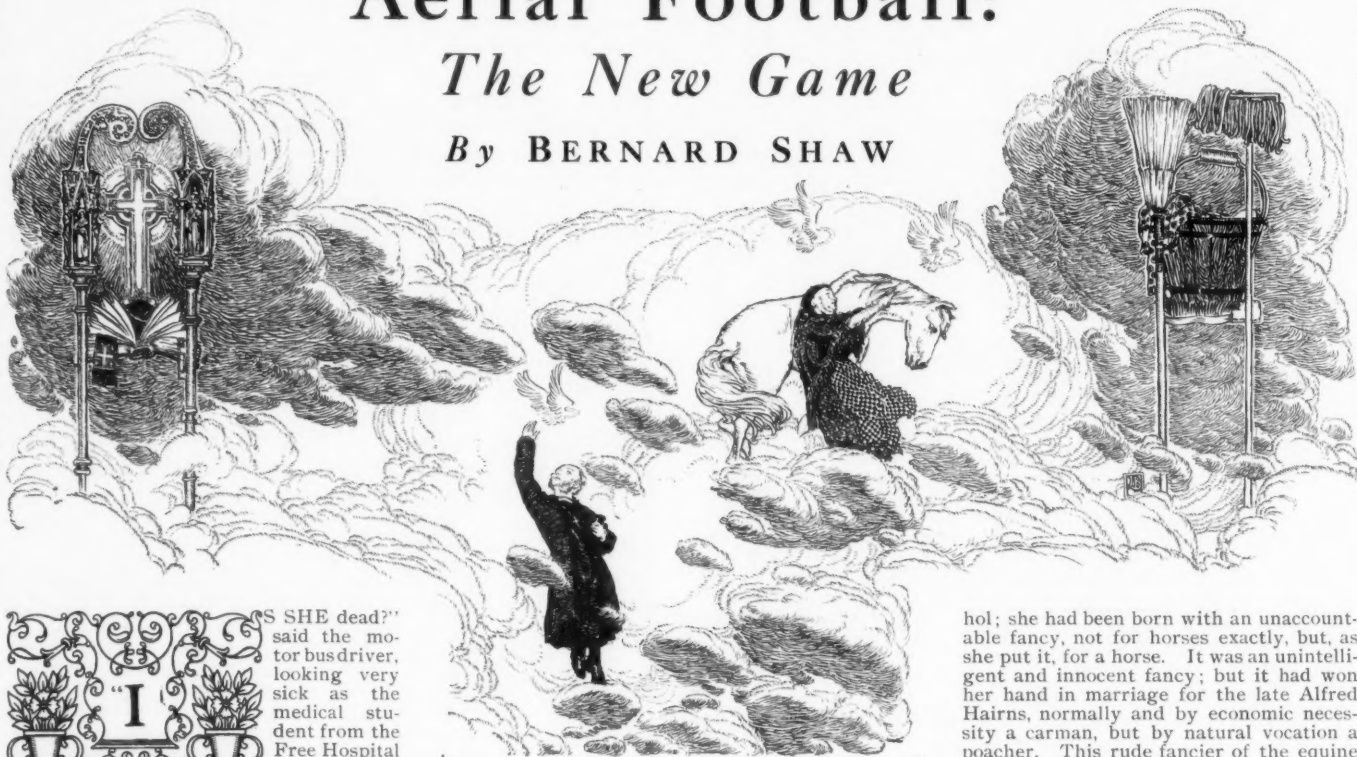
"What thinkest thou?"

What we think, as far as our correspondent's airy badinage enables us to tell, is to a moderate extent what is thought by him.

# Aerial Football:

## The New Game

By BERNARD SHAW



**I** S SHE dead?" said the motor busdriver, looking very sick as the medical student from the Free Hospital picked up Mrs. Hairns in the Gray's Inn Road. "She smells frightfully of your petrol," said the student.

The driver sniffed at her. "That's not petrol," he said. "It's methylated spirit. She's been drinking. You'll bear me witness that she smells of drink."

"Don't you know all you've done yet?" said the policeman. "You've killed his lordship."

"What lordship?" said the driver, changing from tallow color to green.

"The back end of the bus swung right into the carriage," panted the footman. "I heard his lordship's neck crack." The footman wept, not because he loved his late employer, but because sudden death affected him that way.

"The Bishop of St. Pancras," said a boy, in explanation.

"Oh, my good Lord!" said the motorman, in great trouble. "How could I help it?" he added, after wiping his brow, appealing to the crowd, which seemed to have been in solution in the air, so suddenly had it precipitated round the accident. "The bus skidded."

"So would any bus skid in this mud, going at that rate," said an indignant bystander.

And immediately the crowd began a dispute as to whether the bus had been going too fast or not, with the motorman passionately maintaining the negative against the affirmative of the whole Gray's Inn Road.

Mrs. Hairns certainly did smell of drink. She had done so more or less for forty years whenever she had twopence to spare. She had never been a nice-looking woman nor a cleanly dressed one; and the passage of the crowded motor bus over her ribs had made surprisingly little difference in her appearance. A little more mud ground into her garments could make them no worse than they were; and the change from being drunk and able to shuffle home and being drunk and incapable was not startling.

As to the bishop, there was not a scratch nor a speck of mud on him. He had not been touched. He had been boyishly proud of being a bishop, and had expressed his pride by holding his neck very stiff. Consequently it broke when the carriage was stopped suddenly by the swinging round of the tail of the bus.

Mrs. Hairns was taken aback when the bus suddenly swooped round at her. That made no difference, because no presence of mind on her part could have saved her. It did not hurt her at all. A single broken

rib touching a lung is painful; but when an overwhelming shock annihilates your nerves, and an overwhelming weight makes bone dust of all your ribs, and wraps them up in a squash with your heart and lungs, sympathy becomes ridiculous. The game is up. The remediable has become irremediable: the temporal, eternal. A really flexible mind accepts the situation and thinks a great deal about it before there is time even to die. The suddenest death is a long business compared with the lightning work of imagining an experience of, say, a thousand years.

**M**RS. HAIRNS was squashed clean out of the Gray's Inn Road on to the foot of a hill with a city on the top. It was rather like Orvieto, of which city there was a photograph in the drawing-room of the Vicar of St. Pancras, who employed Mrs. Hairns as a charwoman whenever he attempted to reclaim her, and was beaten every time by her acquired taste for methylated spirits, which enabled her to drink furniture polish with avidity, though you could trust her with untold dozens of mere hock. Beyond getting the photograph focused on her retina occasionally while dusting, Mrs. Hairns knew nothing about Orvieto. A place so unlike Pentonville Hill suggested dread and discomfort to her. She felt sure it must be almost as bad as heaven, which she associated with teetotalism, cleanliness, self-control, being particular, and all sorts of horrors. Now that she found herself actually on the road to it, she looked up at it with the utmost misgiving until a superior voice behind her made her start and attempt a shambling courtesy. It was the bishop.

"Can I obtain a conveyance anywhere here," he said, "to take me up to the gate?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sir," said Mrs. Hairns. "I'm a stranger here."

The bishop passed on the moment she said "can't say," taking no further interest in her, and resigned himself to walk up.

There was a horse grazing a little way off. As Mrs. Hairns noticed it, a faint ray of heavenly comfort stole into her soul. Though for many years—ever since the passing away of the last rays of her youth at twenty-four or thereabout—she had been interested in nothing but methylated alco-

hol; she had been born with an unaccountable fancy, not for horses exactly, but, as she put it, for a horse. It was an unintelligent and innocent fancy; but it had won her hand in marriage for the late Alfred Hairns, normally and by economic necessity a carman, but by natural vocation a poacher. This rude fancier of the equine was too poor to afford a horse. But, after all, he was too poor to afford a residence in London, or a double bed, or even a suit of clothes. Yet he always had a London address; he never appeared in the streets naked; and neither he nor Mrs. Hairns slept on the floor. Society had convinced him that the lodging, the bed, and the clothes were indispensable, whether he could afford them or not; accordingly, he had them. The conviction that a horse was equally indispensable was idiosyncratic with him; so he always kept a horse, even when he could by no means afford to keep himself, maintaining that a horse made no difference—that it even paid its way. The same view has been taken of eighty-horse-power motor cars.

Bonavia Banks was attracted by his idiosyncrasy, which was also her own. She easily persuaded him that a wife was as indispensable as a horse, and equally made no difference. She became Mrs. Alfred Hairns, and bore thirteen children, of whom eleven died in infancy owing to the malversation of their parental care by the horse. Finally the horse died; and the heartbroken Hairns was tempted to buy a magnificent thoroughbred for four pounds from the widow of a gentleman who had paid two hundred and thirty for him only three days before. Hairns, while leading his bargain home, was savaged by him so that he died of lockjaw the day after the horse was shot. Thus perished miserably Alfred Hairns, the victim of the bond between man and beast which proclaims that all life is one.

The horse raised its muzzle from the grass, looked at Mrs. Hairns carelessly, switched its tail, moved on a few steps to an uncropped patch of verdure, and was about to continue its repast when, as if some fibre of memory had suddenly vibrated, it erected its ears, raised its neck, and looked more attentively at her. Finally it came to her, stopping only once on the way absent-mindedly to graze, and said: "Don't you remember me?"

"Chipper!" exclaimed Mrs. Hairns. "It can't be."

"It is," said Chipper.

Chipper conversed after the manner of Balaam's ass. That is, Mrs. Hairns knew what he was saying too well to notice that he did not actually utter any sound. But for the matter of that neither did she, though she did not notice that also, Conversation in this Orvietan region was wholly telepathic.

"Have I got to walk up that hill, Chipper?" said Mrs. Hairns.

"Yes," said Chipper, "unless I carry you."

"Would you mind?" said Mrs. Hairns shyly.



"Not at all," said Chipper.  
 "Ain't there a vehicle?" said Mrs. Hairns. "I can't ride barebacked. Not that I can ride anyhow."  
 "Then you must walk," said Chipper. "Hold on to my mane, and I'll help you up."

They got up somehow and were close to the gate before it occurred to Mrs. Hairns to ask what place it was, and to ask herself why she was going there.

"It's heaven," said Chipper.  
 "Oh, Lord!" said Mrs. Hairns, stopping dead. "Why didn't you tell me before? I never done anything to get me into heaven."

"True," said Chipper. "Would you rather go to hell?"

"Don't be so silly, Chipper," said Mrs. Hairns. "Ain't there nothin' between hell and heaven? We ain't all saints; but then we ain't all devils neither. Surely to gracious there must be a place for every-day sort of people that don't set up to be too particular."

"This is the only place I know," said Chipper; "and it's certainly heaven."

"Belike there might be some kitchens in it," said Mrs. Hairns. "You won't let on that I used to get a bit overcome once in a way, Chipper, will you?"

Chipper snuffed up a nose of Mrs. Hairns's aura. "I should keep on the lee side of St. Peter," he said. "That's Peter," he added, jerking his head in the direction of an elderly gentleman with a pair of keys of twelfth century design.

The keys were more for ornament than use, apparently; for the gate stood wide open; and a stone placed against it to keep it from blowing-to was covered with moss, and had evidently not been moved for centuries. This surprised Mrs. Hairns, because it had been strongly impressed on her in her childhood on earth that the gates of heaven were always shut tight, and that it was no end of a business to get them opened.

A group of angels stood in the carriage way. Their wings, purple and gold, heliotrope and silver, amber and black, and all sorts of fine colors, struck Mrs. Hairns as lovely. One of them had a sword with a blade of lambent garnet-colored flame. Another, with one leg naked from the knee down, and a wading boot on the other, had a straight slender trumpet, which seemed long enough to reach to the horizon, and yet was as handy as an umbrella. Through the first-floor window of one of the turrets of the gate Mrs. Hairns saw Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John in bed with their breeches on according to the old rime. Seeing that, she knew this was really the gate of heaven. Nothing else would have quite convinced her.

Chipper addressed himself to Peter. "This woman is drunk," said Chipper.

"So I see," said St. Peter.

"Ow, Chipper!" said Mrs. Hairns reproachfully. "How could you?" They all looked at her, and she began to cry. The angel with the sword of flame drew it across her eyes and dried her tears. The flame did not hurt and was wonderfully reviving.

"I'm afraid she's hopeless," said Chipper. "Her own children will have nothing to do with her."

"Which planet?" said the angel with the trumpet.

"Tellus," answered Chipper.

"What am I to tell them?" said Mrs. Hairns.

The angels laughed. Peter roared. "Come!" said the trumpet angel: "She can make puns. What's wrong with her?"

"She's a liar and a thief," said Chipper.

"All the inhabitants of Tellus are liars and thieves," said the trumpet angel.

"I mean she is what even they call a liar and a thief," said Chipper.

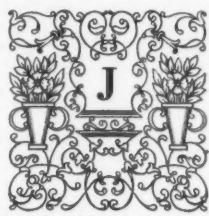
"Oh!" said the sword angel, looking very grave.

"I'm only making it easy for you," said Chipper to Mrs. Hairns; "so that they shan't expect too much." Then, to Peter: "I brought her up because she once got out and walked on a hot Sunday when I was dragging her up a hill with her husband, three of his friends, their wives, eight children, a baby, and three dozen of beer."

"Fancy your remembering!" said Mrs. Hairns. "Did I really?"

"It was so unlike you, if I may say so," said Chipper, "that I have never forgotten it."

"I dessay it was silly of me," said Mrs. Hairns apologetically.



UST then the bishop arrived. He had been energetically climbing the hill by the little foot-tracks which cut across the zigzags of the road, and had consequently been overtaken by Chipper, who knew better.

"Is this the gate of heaven?" said the bishop.

"It is," said Peter.

"The front gate?" said the bishop suspiciously. "You are sure it is not the tradesmen's entrance?"

"It is everybody's entrance," said Peter.

"An unusual arrangement, and in my opinion an inconvenient one," said the bishop. He turned from Peter to the angels. "Gentlemen," he said. "I am the Bishop of St. Pancras."

"If you come to that," said a youth in a dalmatic, putting his head out of one of the turret windows, "I am St. Pancras himself."

"As your bishop, I am glad to meet you," said the bishop, "I take a personal interest in every member of my flock. But for the moment, I must ask you to excuse me, as I have pressing business at court. By your leave, gentlemen"—and he shouldered his way firmly through the group of angels into heaven and trotted sturdily up the street. He turned only once, for a moment, to say: "Better announce me," and went his way. The angels stared after him quite dumfounded. Then the trumpet angel made a post horn of his trumpet, and first root-a-tooted at the sky, and then swept the trumpet downward like the ray of a searchlight. It reached along the street to the bishop's coat-tails, and the next blast swept him like a dry leaf clean round a corner and out of sight.

The angels smiled a beautifully grave smile. Mrs. Hairns could not help laughing. "Ain't he a tease!" she said to Chipper, indicating the trumpet angel.

"Hadt you better follow the bishop in?" said Chipper. Mrs. Hairns looked apprehensively at Peter (she was not afraid of the angels), and asked him might she go in.

"Anybody may go in," said Peter. "What do you suppose the gate is for?"

"I didn't understand, sir," said Mrs. Hairns. And she was approaching the threshold timidly when the bishop came back, flushed and indignant.

"I have been through the whole city in a very high wind," said the bishop; "and I can not find it. I question whether this is really heaven at all."

"Find what?" said Peter.

"The Throne, sir," said the bishop severely.

"This is the throne," said St. Pancras, who was still looking out of the window, with his cheeks on his palms and his palms propped on his elbows.

"This!" said the bishop. "Which?"

"The city," said St. Pancras.

"But—but—where is He?" said the bishop.

"Here, of course," said the sword angel.

"Here! Where?" said the bishop hurriedly, lowering his voice and looking apprehensively round from one to the other until he finished with the trumpet angel, who had sat down to take off his wading boot and shake a stone out of it.

"He is the presence in which we live," said the sword angel, speaking very harmoniously.

"That is why they are angels," St. Pancras explained.

"What are you looking about for?" said the trumpet angel, standing up with his boot comfortable again. "Did you expect to see somebody in a shovel hat and apron, with a nose, and a handkerchief to blow it with?"

The bishop reddened. "Sir," he said, "you are profane. You are blasphemous. You are even wanting in good taste. But for the charity my profession imposes on me I should be tempted to question whether you are in the truest sense of the word a gentleman. Good morning!" And he shook the dust of heaven from his feet and walked away.

"Ain't he a cure!" said Mrs. Hairns. "But I'm glad there's no throne, nor nobody, nor nothin'. It'll be more like Kings Cross." She looked at them rather

desolately; for something in the sword angel's voice had made her feel very humble and even ashamed of being drunk. They all looked back at her gravely; and she would have cried again, only she knew it would be of no use after the sword had touched her eyes; her tears were dried forever. She twisted a corner of her jacket—a deplorable jacket—in her restless fingers; and there was a silence, unbroken until the snoring of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John became painfully audible, and made her look forlornly up at their common little wooden beds, and at the flyblown illuminated text on the wall above them: "A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise."

"I wonder," she said, "would one of you gentlemen say a prayer for a poor drunken old charwoman that has buried eleven, and nobody's enemy but her own, before I offer to go in."

Suddenly she sat down stunned in the middle of the way; for every angel threw up his hands and wings with an amazing outcry; the sword flamed all over the sky; the trumpet searched the corners of the horizon and filled the universe with ringing notes; and the stars became visible in broad daylight and sent back an echo which affected Mrs. Hairns like an enormous draft of some new and delightful sort of methylated spirit.

"Oh, not such a fuss about me, gentlemen," she said. "They'll think it's a queen or a lady from Tavistock Square or the like." And she felt shyer than ever about going in. The sword angel smiled, and was going to speak to her when the bishop came back, pegging along more sturdily than ever.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been thinking over what you said just now; and while my reason tells me that I was entirely justified in acting and speaking as I did, still your point of view may be a tenable one, and your method of expressing it, however unbecoming, effective for its purpose. I also find myself the victim of an uncontrollable impulse to act in a manner which I can not excuse, though to refrain is unfortunately beyond my powers of self-inhibition."

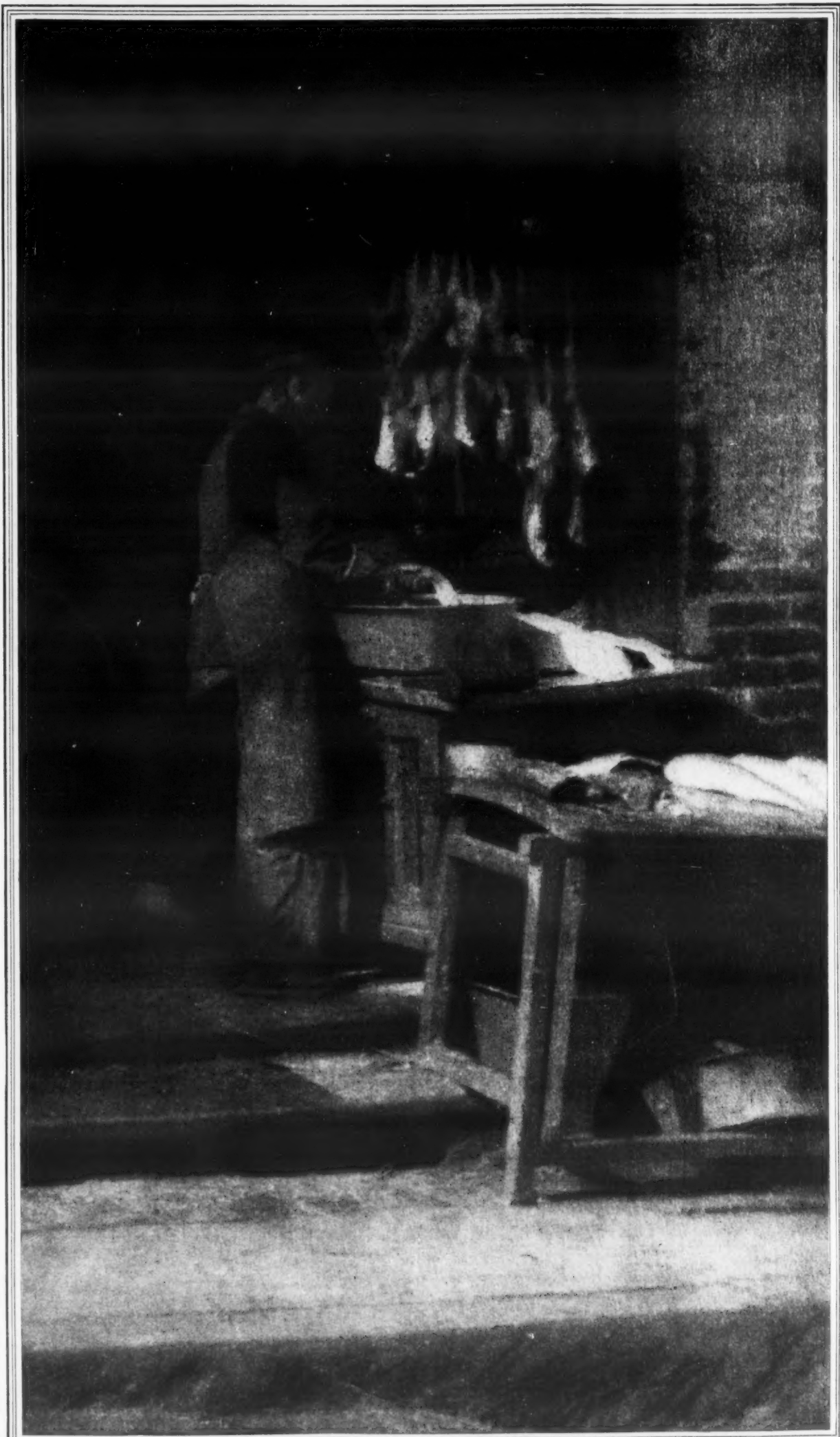


AND with that speech he snatched off his apron, made a ball of it, stuffed it into his shovel hat, and kicked the hat into space. Before it could descend, the sword angel, with a single cut of his wings, sprang into the air whooping with ecstasy, and kicked it a mile higher. St. Pancras, who had no wings, but shot up by mere levitation, was on it in a second and was

shooting off with it when the trumpet angel collared him and passed it to the amber and black angel. By that time Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were out of bed and after Peter into the blue vault above, where a football match was already in full swing between the angels and the saints, with Sirius for one goal and the sun for the other. The bishop looked in amazement for a moment at the flying scrum; then, with a yell, sprang into the air and actually got up nearly fifty feet, but was falling from that dangerous height when the saint he patronized swooped and caught him up into the game. Twenty seconds later his hat was half-way to the moon; and the exultant shouts of the angels had dwindled to mere curlew pipings, while the celestial players looked smaller than swifts circling over Rome in summer.

Now was Mrs. Hairns's opportunity to creep in through the gate unnoticed. As her foot approached the threshold the houses of the heavenly street shone friendly in the sunshine before her, and the mosaics in the pavement glowed like flower-beds of jewels.

"She's dead," said the student from the Free Hospital. "I think there was a spark left when I took hold of her to straighten her out; but it was only a spark. She's dead now all right enough—I mean poor woman!"



*The Poulterer*

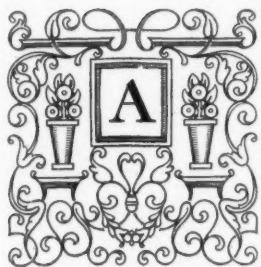
*The second in a series of prints of San Francisco's old Chinatown, made by Arnold Genthe*



# In Life and Books

## A Love Story

By ROY ROLFE GILSON



ALL the world likes a rose garden in a love story, and if I am tempted to lie to you and put one here in mine, it is not so much for the sake of art as truth—lest otherwise I fail to charm you to a sense of those fragrant paths of life in which I remember Margaret, and would have you see her, in the flower of her youth. It is not her form, nor the color of her eyes or hair, nor the tones of her voice that I would have you know as I knew them, but a girl's heart—that, in its innocence, I would fain recall to you; and if you never knew, or never guessed that sweet seclusion, then am I in need of all those tender visions which are conjured up by the very word Garden, and which lie, like dew, in the heart of that fair, four-petaled name of Rose.

That girl in a halo of white muslin, with a flower in her hair, who opened her father's door to you on summer evenings of your youth—you may remember her—such a girl was Margaret. The same eyes and hair, the same voice, the same smile of greeting that you remember, I remember; the same starlight.

Those fragrant dresses with their hints of lace and blue ribbon underneath, and their row of pearl buttons up the back—that prim little back!—the locket on the breast, that quiet bosom of a girl unstirred as yet by the full, deep breath of love—the flower-like head upon its fragile stem—the sweet, smooth face, all gentle curves and patient wistfulness: there were girls like that in Florence when Fra Lippo Lippi painted his Madonna of the Sea, with four little pearl buttons on the shoulder of her dress! And in Nazareth—there was such a girl.

I had known her as a child. A neighbor's boy, I had been her page, her minstrel, her first story-teller, whom she paid, when he pleased her, with her first kisses—little rosebud affairs, or as if a butterfly, hovering a moment at your lips, had just brushed them with one golden wing. In some such pensive moment of her play she promised to be mine. It did not matter that I was lame. She was but seven; I was sixteen.

"Good-by," she said, when I came away. "Come back soon, Joey. Oh, you haven't kissed Dolly!"

Years after, when I returned to her, those words came back to me. It is well to kiss dollies when you can. They grow up while you are gone.

The very town had grown more lovely in my absence. There were more flowers. There was a woodland fragrance in the village street—essence of shrub, and hedge, and vine, the greener and sweeter for ten summers' rain and sun. Ugly angles had disappeared in leaves. The trees were loftier, and in their shadows more birds sang. In the paths beneath, tall, radiant fellows passed me swiftly with feet that scarcely touched the earth. I had known them as little boys. As fine young men, tanned by the sun and wind, their muscles playing beneath their cricket flannels, I stopped to watch them, leaning on my cane. I watched them wrestle. I watched them, on the sands, strip, and leap, and dive—young Davids, with their beautiful straight limbs! Next to a fair young girl, like Margaret, a fair young man—like one I saw there by the river—has always seemed to me God's fairest dream.

Now flushed with ardor, now indolent as some wild young animal reclining in the sun, he was the foremost athlete of his school, they told me; a mighty hero of football battles and cross-country runs; envied but beloved—openly by his fellows, secretly, doubtless, by a dozen girls. Nature herself seems to love such youths, and in her haunts, like that by the willows, she smiles upon them, wreathes and crowns them with caressing favors of her light and air till their forms blend with her yielding loveliness, breasting her shadowy pools or lying, panting, on her golden shores.

"You don't swim?" he said to me. "Well," he added, "you are a poet. That is enough."

"No. It is not enough."

"One man," he reminded me, "can't have everything."

"No," I answered, "but some have everything they desire."

"Some men," he put it, "have contented dispositions; others—"

"Sometimes," I interposed, "there are good reasons for discontent, my friend."

He dropped his eyes.

"Yes," he said, and added presently: "I'm afraid I don't think enough of the philosophy of things."

But he rose, smiling.

"That's because I am happy, I suppose—or happy-go-lucky. I've always had pretty much everything I wanted in the world."

"And always will," I murmured, marveling at that long, long handicap of mortal beauty, and the courage born of it, vouchsafed to some of us in the race we run.

He was silent awhile, gazing out thoughtfully across the river and the meadows on the other side, to the far horizon, and standing easily, languidly before me on the river's brink—great, handsome, dreaming boy. But suddenly his eyes flashed—his muscles tightened—his whole figure became alert and strong! There was a

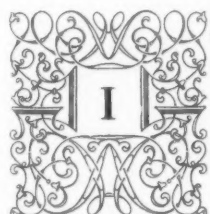


At a sound her eyes had wandered

smile of defiance upon his lips. He raised his arm—shook his clenched fist at the sky, the universe! "If a man wants anything," he cried, "he must go after it—so!"

And plunged, headforemost, into the stream.

### II



"Fa man wants anything—" The words kept ringing in my ears.

You, I told myself, who have known ugliness, can best prize beauty. You who have known the world can best prize innocence. Love—even yours—is radiant with youth, is swift and strong—yes, straight and beautiful of limb! It does not lean upon a cane!

One day—it was afternoon—one of those perfect summer hours with a cool wind tempering the heat, the sky an Aegean Sea with its silvery islands, the earth as radiant, with its hundred shades of the tender green of June. It was Margaret's birthday. In its honor friends were gathered on her father's lawn, the girls like lilies among the foliage. She was in white. The only color was in her cheeks, her eyes, her hair, all shining with her happiness. I saw the others: to me their fairness was but as shadows in a fountain—their voices echoes of that sweeter one.

My gift to her had been a book, one I had cherished, one of those old ones that are ever new, and it chanced that we sat awhile, apart, talking of it while the others played—some romping game I have forgotten.

"It is like real life," I said, "that story."

"Do you mean that it is sad?" she asked. "I don't like sad books."

"You will like that one," I assured her.

"But why should stories be sad ones to be true? Life," she declared, her face brightening, "is so very beautiful! Can you imagine anything lovelier than the world this day? And see how happy we all are!"

"True," I said, "there are happy hours, like this one, as well as sad ones."

"But why," she asked again, "should the sad books seem the most real to us?"

"Because," I said, "the tragedy of life underlies all hours, even the happiest."

She gazed at me doubtfully.

"What do you mean by the tragedy of life, Joey?"

We sometimes used the childish names.

"This hour will pass," I said. "It can never be lived again. Beautiful moments like these, Greta—beautiful

youth—beautiful dreams—are perishing. Life to you, to me, to all of us, can never be the same again. It may be *more* beautiful, but *this* beauty—don't you see, Greta?—the beauty of this hour which we find so happy here, will soon be gone."

"Oh," she cried, still with a protest, half piteous, half smiling, in her face, "but I don't like to think of such things! They make you want to cry."

"That," I told her, "is the pathos of life, that sense of the mutability of all lovely and precious things. It comes to us like a sob in the midst of our sweetest joy."

She was silent a moment.

"But no beauty, Joey, is ever *really* lost—is it? The beauty of this hour will be—how shall I say it?"

"Transformed," I said.

"Yes!"

"Transformed," I assented, "into other beauty. I believe that, too. But that new beauty, the beauty of our future, may be—ah! so different from this!"

Her eyes dwelt wonderingly upon me.

"It may be the beauty of patience," I said, "of sacrifice, and tender memories, and resignation—of rue and rosemary—but oh, Greta, it will not be *this* beauty, don't you see, my dear?—this beauty of the springtime, and youth, and hope?"

Her eyes, in which a mist had gathered, suddenly shone again, and she laid her hand upon my own.

"You, at least, need have no fear, Joey."

"No fear?"

"You are safe."

"Safe, Greta!"

She nodded, her hand withdrawn again and playing with a flower.

"Poets," she said slowly, looking down, "must be sure of the future, I think, Joey. I don't mean writers only. I mean every one who sees the poetry of life. No matter what happens—"

She looked up smiling.

"Never fear, Joey. You will transform everything—even disappointment—into beauty."

Oh, mortal man, watching your beloved and listening to her voice, with the starlight of her eyes upon you, how long can you endure that fear lest the vision pass, forever—and that fond reality become a dream to you!

"How bright your eyes are, Joey! I can see the poet in them!"

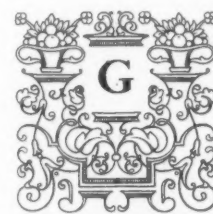
"Nothing else, Greta? Oh, look again!"

It was my heart that whispered it. The words died upon my lips, for at a sound her eyes had wandered. Suddenly I saw them shine—they had never shone like that for me! The first faint rose of dawn deepened in her cheeks. The locket on her breast rose—

"Here's David!"

—and fell again. It was the breath of love!

### III



RETA was right. I have found beauty even in that hour, it was so long ago.

For her, that doubtful future of which we spoke is as happy as she dreamed.

For me, the dreams which have not come true are the most beautiful.

One evening she said to me: "It's only the end of the story you gave me that I'm disappointed in."

"But why?" I asked.

"Because she ought to have married Hugh, not Eustace."

"Eustace was young and handsome."

"But Hugh worshiped her. Eustace would have been content with any pretty girl. Hugh—"

"Felt," I said, "that he had no right to speak."

"No right, Joey! Doesn't a love like his give any man a right to speak?"

"Unless," I said, "like Hugh, he sees that another, worthier, like Eustace—"

"But why worthier?" she cried, her face aglow.

"Do you think because Hugh was ugly and had known sorrow and sin—"

"It is more fitting," I replied, "more just that innocence should be matched with innocence, beauty with beauty, youth with youth."

She remained silent.

"Don't you think so?" I urged.

"I don't know, Joey. Hugh's love was so deep and reverent and manly. Eustace was nothing but a boy! It didn't seem right the way it ended. I cried over it."

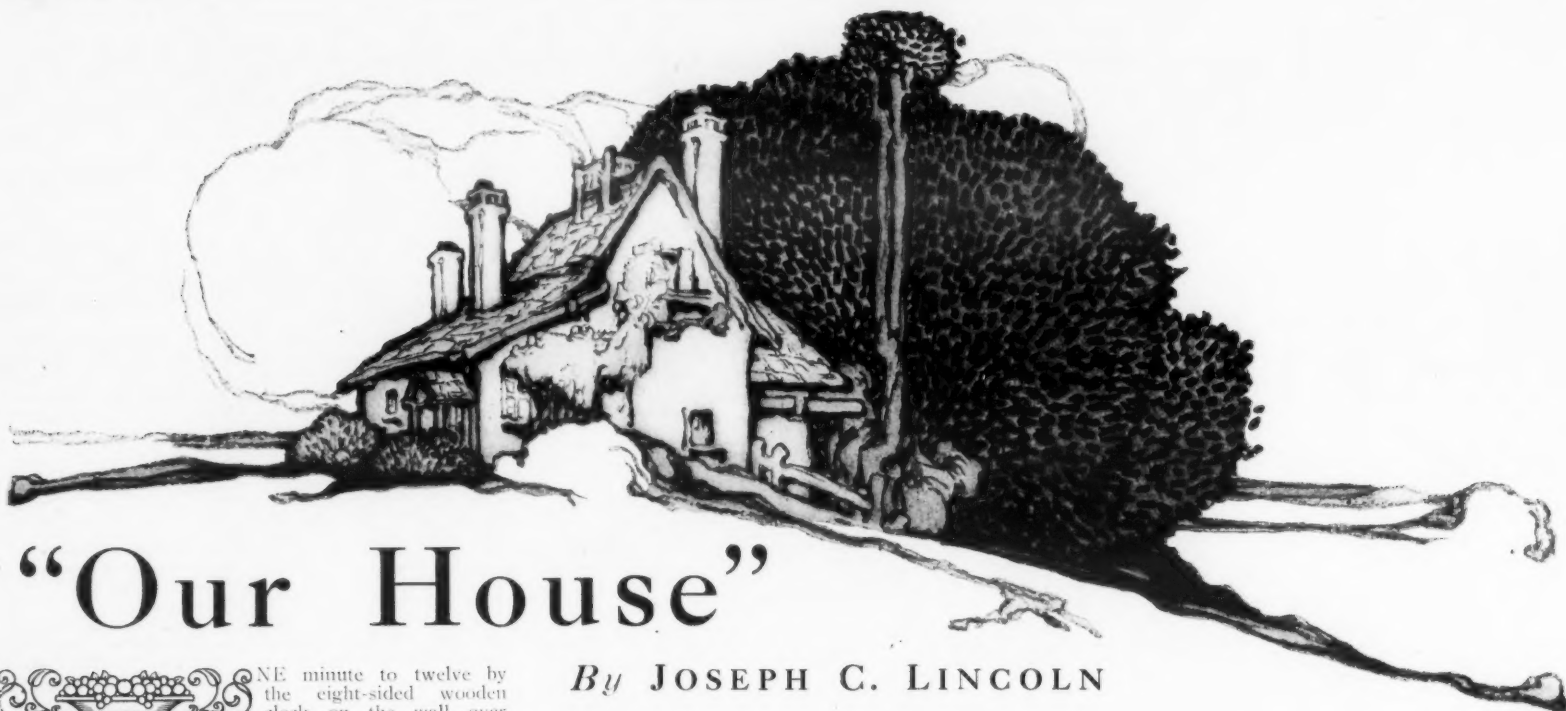
"Because," I said—"because, dear Greta, it was like real life."

She made no answer.

"We must remember, too," I said, "that she never knew how Hugh loved her."

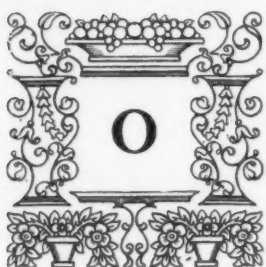
"Ah!" she cried, raising her face eagerly to mine, "that's where the book's not life at all! Any woman, any woman in the world, would know if she were loved like that!"

She turned away. "Love," she began—and then again, more bravely, gazing into space, her eyes shining, a tell-tale blush upon her cheeks: "Love," she told me—and as if she knew—"is so much more happy in real life, Joey—oh, you can't guess!—than it is in books."



# "Our House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN



NE minute to twelve by the eight-sided wooden clock on the wall over Teacher's desk. The hot forenoon session was all but over. You closed your geography with a leaf turned down at the page where the woodcut of the "Palisades of the Hudson" was bordered by the penciled gem:

"If my name you still would find,  
Look on page 149,"

and slid the book under the ink-smeared, pin-scratched lid of your desk.

Teacher struck the little bell on her table. The third class in arithmetic, which had been fighting a drawn battle with common fractions on the settees at the rear of the room, returned to its seats with the soft "pad" of bare feet and the squeaking of ungreased, copper-toed boots. "Snuppy" Rogers, who had brought a turtle to school, and had left it in his desk, reached his seat just in time to prevent the creature from crawling out and tumbling to the floor. Snuppy drew a breath of relief and immured the captive in the dungeon of his jacket pocket.

Teacher struck her bell again. The last book slammed out of sight and the school came to attention, hands behind backs. "Ting!"—every scholar was on his or her feet. "Ting!"—and the files began moving toward the doors, girls on one side and boys on the other, marching sedately until the threshold was crossed, then grabbing hats and caps and leaping down the stairs in a racketous riot that awoke old Cap'n Daniels, asleep behind the tobacco and candy showcase in his grocery, dry goods, and general store across the road.

Our House was a good half-mile from school, but you were there in five minutes. Going to school—oh, that was different! Sometimes it took three-quarters of an hour to go to school; and Sunday-school about the same. But when a boy consumed more than five minutes in getting back to dinner from either place, the folks appeared suspicious and asked embarrassing questions concerning his health or behavior.

You entered Our House by the side door, of course. That was the door of the dining-room, and it had wistaria and morning-glory vines shading the latticed porch above it, and the humming birds used to come there for honey. You saw them sometimes when you were sitting by the window, and were obliged to keep very still or else be asked if you really were learning your Sunday-school lesson or only fooling. You seldom saw them at other times because you didn't keep still long enough.

Though you entered Our House by the side door, there was a front door and a back door. But nobody ever went in at the front door, except the new minister, maybe, when he made his first call, and he didn't try it the second time. You see, the hinges of the front gate had remained so long without exercise, in all sorts of weather, that they had acquired chronic "rheumatics," and groaned and shrieked agonized protests when disturbed. And the box hedges each side of the front walk were so very puritanical and prim that they appeared to be standing parish committees investigating one's religious opinions.

"Hum!" you could imagine the right-hand hedge sniffing as the new divine moved up the walk. "So that's the fellow they've called, is it? Young squirt, isn't he? He'll have to grow some before he can fill old Parson Simpkin's shoes."

"I should think so!" responded the left-hand hedge. "Look at those side whiskers. And I don't exactly like the way he's dressed. Kind of worldly—kind-of-worldly. I wouldn't wonder if he was one of those advanced thinkers. I don't believe that's the sort of minister we want."

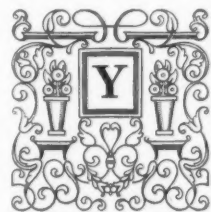
And the big shells on each side of the front steps were orthodox and "sot in their ways" as the hedges. And the bell with the glass knob announced one's timid



pull with such a ponderous "Clank! r-r-rattle! Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding—ding—ding!"

No, the front door wasn't popular; the very good and intensely respectable seldom are, I'm afraid. And the back door was rather out of the way and led to the wash-shed—which meant tubs to be pumped full, whether you wanted to or not—and the wood-box and kindling-bins and other unpleasant reminders. Confound a wood-box anyway! Most provoking things, they are. Never saw one yet that wasn't empty when you wanted to play ball or go swimming with the gang, nor full when you ought to be studying and were really hungry for an excuse not to.

But the wash-shed wasn't altogether bad. Ours had a flat tin roof, you remember, and the rain made music on it, a pattery, cozy, "comfy" sort of music, not shivery and dreadful, like the song the winter wind sang at night about your bedroom windows. Not that kind at all. And the flat shed roof was a bully place to play, being high and dangerous and generally delightful. It was from the corner of that roof that you flung to the breeze the white cotton flag with your initial, in black, gummed upon it—just the kind of flag displayed by Captain Nemo, in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."



YOU lowered Spotty, the tortoiseshell cat, from that roof in a basket the day after your return from the visit to Boston. You were playing elevator; but Spotty, who apparently did not care for modern conveniences, yowled nervously during the descent and jumped when six feet from the ground.

That wash-shed was where you kept the pair of tame rabbits your Aunt Hannah gave you for a birthday present. You didn't keep them there long, however. They were in a wooden box with slats across its open side, and, during the day and night when you and the family drove to Harniss and stayed over at Aunt Hannah's and Uncle Laban's, those white rabbits gnawed out of the box and through the door into the kitchen. When you returned you found them beginning operations on the door to the dining-room. In a week they would have had a subway from one end of the house to the other.

Spotty didn't approve of the rabbits. She didn't approve of dogs either. Her rather too frequent kittens were domiciled in a carpet-lined box by the kindling-bin, and you let a dog so much as show his nose inside that woodshed door and—Whew!

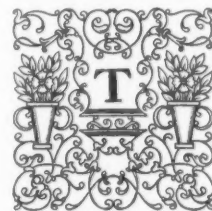
The man who drove the butcher cart owned a big no-account dog that considered himself "some punkins." While his master was weighing a pound and a quarter of steak, top of the round, on the scales at the back of the cart, Prince—that was the dog's name—wandered into our yard on a foraging expedition. He approached the back door, tail wagging and nose working expectantly.

"Nice ould Prince!" called Bridget Kelly. She was our washerwoman, bless her Irish heart, and she liked dogs and boys. "Come here, ould feller, and see what I've got for yez."

Prince came. He scented a bone, no doubt, and he might have got it if Spotty hadn't been on deck. As it was, Prince's brindle shoulders had scarcely pushed themselves past the jamb when a streak of tortoiseshell lightning struck between those shoulders and

stayed there. The air was filled with cat and dog profanity and tufts of brindled hair. Prince reached the road in record time. Perhaps he has stopped running by now—he was an old dog and this happened a good many years ago. Spotty dismounted at the gate, and sauntered back to her kittens, brush-tailed and fiery-eyed; but as dignified as ever. The only time that cat's dignity was shaken was when she attempted to walk across the newly varnished oilcloth covering the kitchen floor. She made the transit finally, but it was a tacky business. For the rest of that day she licked varnish off her paws and made disgusted faces. She seemed to think it a low down, vulgar trick to play on a lady and a mother.

The kitchen had its attractions—for you, I mean. There was the pump and the cocoanut dipper, and the cool, spicy-smelling closet with the cooky jar—at Our House it was a mammoth affair which father had brought home from sea filled with tamarind preserve—under the shelf. There was the big range—nobody ever called it anything but "cookstove," though—and when mother or grandma made gingerbread or doughnuts you could generally count on a gingerbread horse or a doughnut man to emerge from the pan or kettle, hot and brown and deliciously indigestible.



THESE, however, were but between-meal refreshments. The dining-room was the headquarters of the commissary department, and the dining-room at Our House was big and light and homey. There were the pictures on the walls, "Signing the Declaration," "Rock of Ages," "From Shore to Shore"—you remember that? A boat-load of people, children in the bow, ma and pa amidships, and grandpa and grandma in the stern, being rowed from a little port straight out to sea, apparently. The children looked happy, but the old folks were pretty blue. Who wouldn't be? Starting to cross the ocean in a boat no bigger than a dory, and crowded full at that!

The west window of the dining-room was filled with plants in pots and on wire racks. Geraniums, callas, fuchsias, begonias, ivies, a carrot scooped out, filled with water and hung in the sun by strings—that was your contribution to the collection—a sensitive plant that curled up when touched, as if it was ticklish, and a lot more. And at least one canary in a gilt cage. Snuppy's folks had a parrot, but it couldn't sing—only screeched.

Under the floor of that dining-room was the cistern, and on rainy days, if you put your ear to the floor, you could hear the water running in. Sometimes they took up the carpet, and there was a trap-door through which Ezra Bean, a much envied person with whiskers and high rubber boots, descended to clean the cistern. A good manly job was Ezra's, and one that you would cheerfully have attempted yourself, if the 'fraid-cats would only have let you.

The meals served in that dining-room were—Oh, say! Huckleberry dumpling with cream sauce! Popovers and riz biscuits! Barberry and sweet apple preserve! Blackberry pie! Baked bluefish with drawn butter! Um! Um! It was there that, for once in your life, you had all the watermelon you wanted at one time. All you wanted for a week. You felt the way grandpa in the "Shore to Shore" picture looked.

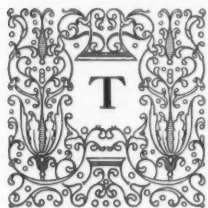
When supper was over, that everlasting wood-box filled and the other chores done, you and the folks went into the "settin'-room." Not the library; of course not. The library was down the road, next to the Congregationalist church. It was run by the Ladies' Social Society, and, if your ma paid fifty cents a year and didn't want all the books herself, you could go there and get "The Boy Hunters," and "The Young Yagers," and "Frank on a Gunboat," and "Watch and Wait," and a



whole shelfful more. People didn't have libraries in houses—no such luck. That room where you went after supper was the "settin'-room."

There was a table in the settin'-room, a round table with a lamp on it. The lamp had a shade made of paper and wire, and there were pictures printed on the paper which showed fine against the light. There were pictures on the walls, too, principally paintings of ships, which your father and grandfather had commanded, or perhaps a spatter-work "God Bless Our Home" motto, or a worsted thing called a sampler, made by grandma when she was little.

The settin'-room was good in summer, of course, but it was better in winter, with the tall, "air-tight" stove roaring hot, the cat purring beside it, mother in the rocker mending stockings—there always were stockings to be mended at Our House, and nobody could ever mend them right but mother—grandma knitting mittens, father—if he happened to be home from a voyage—reading the "Item," and you curled up on the hassock or cricket, looking over the back numbers of Godey's Ladies' Book. And outside the hail or snow beat with spiteful and envious fingers against the panes and the wind screeched vain threats concerning what it would do to you if you only dast to come out and face it.



**T**HAT air-tight stove was a puzzle to you when you were very small and didn't know what was what concerning things. You always hung your stocking beside it on Christmas eve, and on Christmas morning Santa had been there and stuffed that stocking full. He came down the chimney, of course—but how?

It was a miracle certainly, but now that you are older you realize that there were far greater miracles worked on those Christmas eves. Our House then was a wonder shop of miracles, and love and self-denial were its fairy proprietors. If you could only step back, through forty years or so, and be given a precious moment in which to whisper thanks in ears long shut to your whisperings! If only you might enter that old settin'-room, find it tenanted as it used to be, and tell them of your understanding and your gratitude—ask their forgiveness for petulance and fretful fault-finding! If only— But there! it's nine o'clock—bed time at Our House. We must go upstairs.

The brass hand lamp threw queer homely shadows of yourself on the walls of the stairway. And the stairs themselves were narrow and steep as the shrouds of a ship or the ladder to heaven. Perhaps they were built that way purposely by great-grandfather, who was an ancient mariner and a deacon of the church. At any rate, to tumble down their almost perpendicular length was as easy, and almost as disastrous, as to fall from grace. You did it once, in your baby days, with a china rabbit in your hand, and, with the blood streaming from a cut in your cheek, announced that the "wabbit was all bwoke and you were bwoke, too." This was a family tradition in Our House; so also was the tale of a grandfather's fall, on a Sunday, when he had his new go-to-meetin' suit on. The suit was split in conspicuous and sundry places, and grandpa said—

The little room with the funny window under the eaves was your room. The bed with the painted flowers on its headboard was your bed. The washstand with the pitcher and bowl was yours. Through that window on shiny nights the moonbeams streamed and made queer moving patterns on the straw matting or the braided rag mat. Through that window you were once very nearly yanked bodily by one big toe. It was the night before the Fourth, and you had tied a string to the toe and thrown the end out of the window for Snuppy to pull, when he should come at two o'clock, and wake you up. It woke you; you remember the waking distinctly.

Through that window, too, the sound of the distant surf used to drone on summer evenings. Against its little panes the leaves of the "black heart" cherry tree scratched whisperingly when the breeze stirred them. Its casement rattled defiant drum-beats in answer to the battle-cry of the winter gale.

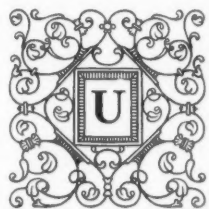
On such a night, when the water in the pitcher was freezing, and the snow sifting under the warped sash, mother used to come tiptoeing in to see if you were well-tucked up. The lamp was in her hand and her hair sparkled and glistened in the shine of it. And when she saw you were awake she smiled and bent over and . . .

The next room was her room—mother's room. Through the open door

we see the little table by the window, the table with father's picture and the vase of pansies on it. There is the testament with the bead-worked book-mark. And the high, old-fashioned bureau with its sweet, clean smell of lavender: the work-basket and the rocking-chair with the figured chintz cushion; the rickety footstool, made by you with your first box of tools—a wobbly, unreliable piece of furniture, but to her more precious than rare old Chippendale, because you made it.

The remarkable feature of grandma's room was the long, low dark closet under the eaves, a poky, weird tunnel, which, seen dimly by lamplight, was full of old bonnets and trunks and shadows. There was the umbrella with the carved ivory handle, which Uncle Laban brought from Calcutta ever so many years ago. It was much too nice to use, so grandma kept it carefully rolled up in its case. When she died its silk covering was found to have rotted with age until every crease was a line of emptiness. The little armchair used by Aunt Jane when she was a baby was in that closet. So was her big china doll with the beady black eyes and black plaster hair; it was dressed like Lucy in the Rollo books—low-necked, sleeveless gown, pantalettes, and slippers, all complete. Grandpa's Sunday tall hat hung above it on a peg. To you that closet was a sort of family vault. My! how dismal and dead and lonesome it looked—and smelled.

The "company" who visited Our House always had good times—during the day. When night came they had your sincere pity. You knew they were entombed alive in that icy sepulchre labeled, "The Best Spare Room." They were sunk fathoms deep in a sea of feather bed, and kept down by counterpane, blanket, "log cabin" quilt, "rising sun" quilt, "crazy" quilt, "diamond" quilt, and a half dozen other quilts, the names of which are forgotten. Every time one of the family "drew" a quilt at the church fair, they put it on the bed in the spare room. They called them "comforters"—this was sarcasm.



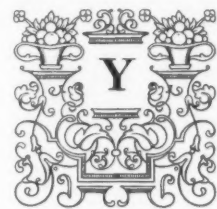
**U**NDER the feather bed was a cornhusk mattress that rustled like a rat's nest in a pile of shavings. And under that was the corded framework of the bedstead, each cord with a separate squeak, and the whole affair sagging down in the middle like an old-fashioned hammock. A night in that bed was distinctly not a restful experience, though it did have its value as a means of exercise. The sunken centre grew warm, after you had hung in it a while, but it was as cramping as a meal bag, and, when you climbed the heights at each side, they were cold as snow banks and you had to cling to the rails to keep from sliding down again. Cousin Alpheus, who weighed two hundred and eighty, slept in that bed once. Next morning he declared he was all bruises, because every time he fell asleep and "let go his holt" he rolled down hill and hit the floor in the middle.

One of the choice bits in the spare room was the "barrel armchair." Uncle Henry—the one who was drowned at sea—made it himself "out of his own head" and a receipt in the paper. He took a flour barrel and sawed it out and put a seat in it and covered it with nice gay-colored stuff and put rockers on it. When you sat in it the rounded back pushed your shoulders together and "hunched" you over in a heap. Grandpa sat in it once; then he took it up to the spare room, along with the dressing-table, made of a dry-goods box covered with dotted muslin.

The walls of the spare room were cheerfully adorned with pictures and things. A wreath from Uncle Henry's

coffin, dipped in wax and enclosed in a walnut case; his name, a lock of his hair, and the date of his death in the centre of the wreath. A shell-worked basket in a deep, shell-covered frame; some of the shells had fallen out and the plaster of Paris showed. An oil painting of great-grandfather, painted by Asaph Doane, the sign-painter; Asaph had unusual talent—everybody said so, and the portrait proved it. There were other portraits, too, mainly daguerreotypes, with rings and necklaces realistically "put in" with gilt paint. At Snuppy's house they had a framed set of coffin-plates—relics of family funerals—hung in the spare room. This added an appropriate touch to the apartment.

The front stairs of Our House were as steep as the every-day set which caused grandpa's accident. They led down to the dark, musty-smelling front hall, with the mahogany hat-rack and the model of the full-rigged ship set in a sea of painted putty. From this hall a door opened into— Hush! be reverent, please; this isn't Sunday, and we have no right to be here—into the PARLOR. It was always thus capitalized at Our House.



**Y**OU got into the PARLOR so seldom that your memory of it ought to be hazy—but it isn't. A man who has been in jail but once doubtless remembers it perfectly, and you were in the parlor twenty times at least. Once at Mary's wedding, once when the minister called, once at Cousin Henry's funeral, and, oh, yes—once or twice at house-cleaning times. You were driven out promptly then by mother and grandma, who, in long aprons and in sweeping caps, were officiating as high-priests in this Holy of Holies. But you remember the "haircloth set" and the marble-topped centre table, and the wainscot, and the wax fruit on the mantle, and the alabaster candlesticks, and the melodeon, of course!

All the melodeons you have heard since sounded like the patent rocker—only worse. But the one at Our House, as you remember it, was different somehow. In the old days, on a rare Sunday afternoon when Uncle Laban's folks drove over from Harniss, and Cousin Mary put her feet on the carpet-covered pedals and opened the book of "Gospel Hymns, No. 1," with father and mother and grandma and Uncle Laban and Aunt Hannah and Ed and Tom and you, all standing up to sing. . . . Well, have you ever heard such music as the old melodeon made then? Have you ever heard "In the Sweet By and By" sung like that since? Or will you ever hear it so sung again?

*"We shall meet on that beautiful shore."*

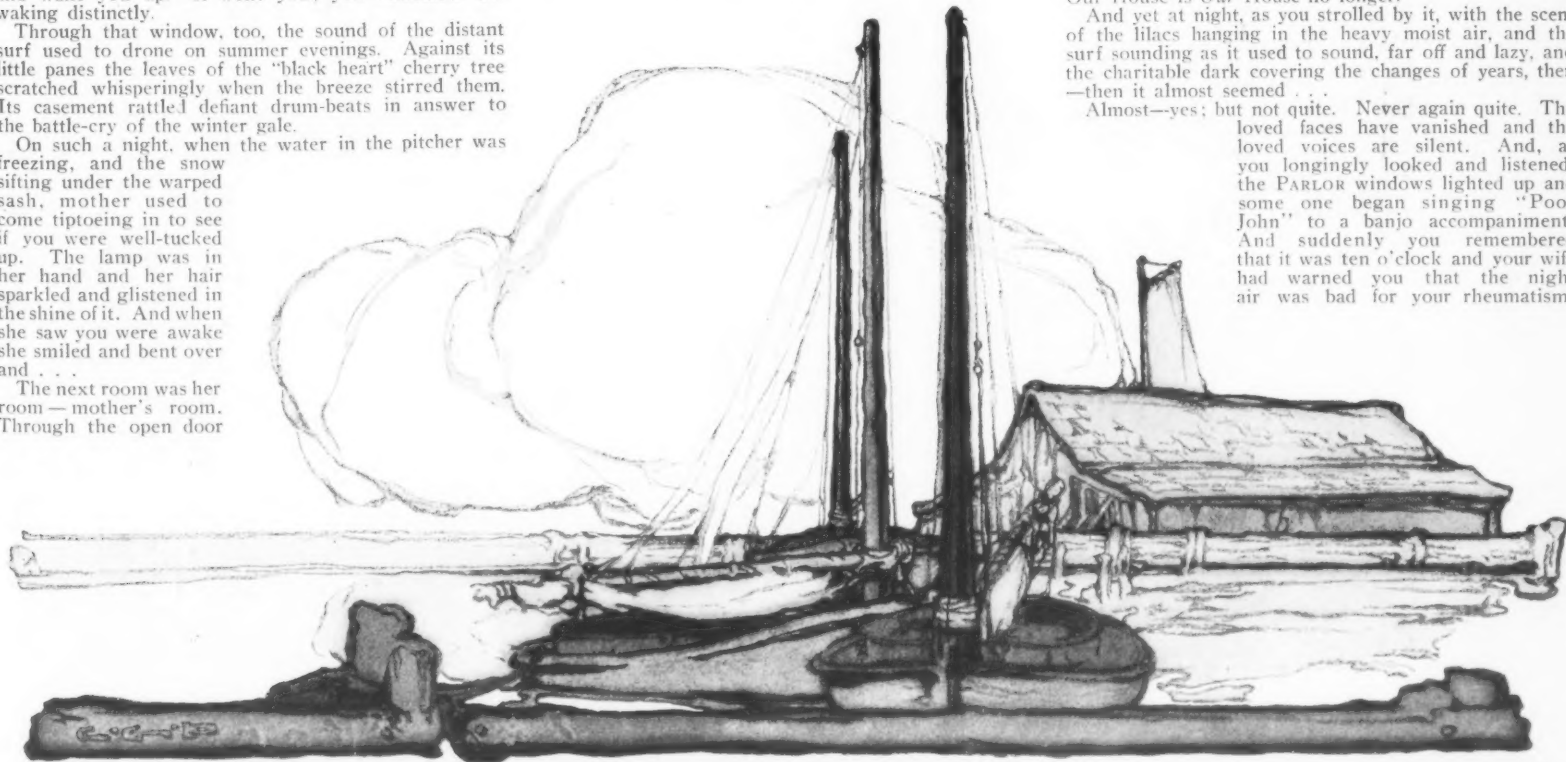
How many of those who sung those words have journeyed to that shore?

You went back to Our House last summer. But somehow it wasn't Our House that you found. The black heart cherry tree had grown old and been cut down. The post-office building, where grandpa used to sort the mail, and you used to watch him and wish that you might be a real live postmaster some day, had been moved away. They told you it was a blacksmith's shop now. You took their word for it; you had no desire to investigate.

There was a wide porch shading the parlor windows. And not only were the blinds of those windows thrown back, but the windows themselves were open. And the front door—the sacred front door—was open, too, and through it strolled a flannel-shirted summer boarder smoking a pipe. A pipe in the PARLOR at Our House! No wonder the box hedges had grown bald and gray. No wonder the place, which used to look so big and tall and fine, now seemed so shabby and mean. No, Our House is Our House no longer.

And yet at night, as you strolled by it, with the scent of the lilacs hanging in the heavy moist air, and the surf sounding as it used to sound, far off and lazy, and the charitable dark covering the changes of years, then—then it almost seemed . . .

Almost—yes; but not quite. Never again quite. The loved faces have vanished and the loved voices are silent. And, as you longingly looked and listened, the PARLOR windows lighted up and some one began singing "Poor John" to a banjo accompaniment. And suddenly you remembered that it was ten o'clock and your wife had warned you that the night air was bad for your rheumatism.





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## *The Story of Where*

Painted by FREDERIC REMINGTON





*Where the Sun Goes*

by FREDERIC REMINGTON

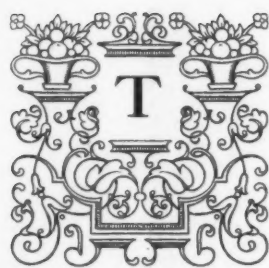
# Midseason Football

Comments on the Early Work of the College Teams

By WALTER CAMP



Mount Pleasant, Carlisle's quarter-back, passing the ball in the game with Pennsylvania, on October 26, at Philadelphia



THE football season of 1907 has already proved one of astonishing happenings. The element of the unexpected heightens interest in the final contests of the year.

The first thing of note last month in the football world was the defeat of Cornell by Pennsylvania State. Penn. State's record of the previous year had been an excellent one, as COLLIER'S review of the season pointed out, but Cornell started out this season with a big, powerful team, a good many veterans, and no one supposed that the Penn. State would be more than a fairly hard minor game for the Ithacans.

Then Yale, heralded as an unusually strong aggregation in material, journeyed to West Point and, try as she would, could not get the ball over the Army's goal line.

At the same time Brown went down to Philadelphia with very decided expectations that, with the fast Mayhew and the clever Dennie in the back field, she would have an even show of defeating Pennsylvania, but the Philadelphians defeated her easily. Brown showed more fumbling and a weaker offense than in any game before, while Pennsylvania displayed an excellent concerted attack.

Princeton meanwhile had hardly been content to register less than fifty points against any team, and her rapid-fire methods were so well perfected and brilliantly executed as to rush all opponents literally off their feet.

Harvard had been displaying great variety of tactics and practically abandoning old-style football for new. Her first real try-out came against the Navy, already a fairly advanced team and with considerable power. Harvard won out in spite of the lack of running attack and apparently justified, in the excellent way in which the men followed the ball, the amount of time given to that feature.

Thus, just previous to the last Saturday in October, Princeton was reported as having a pretty clear road up to the Yale game, and quite manifestly ahead of the Blue in development. Pennsylvania was thought to have developed one of her old-time scoring teams instead of the erratic eleven which represented her last year. People were sorry for Cornell, in that her prospects looked so gloomy, and expressed some measure of sympathy for Yale, since her attack had proved futile to pierce a good defense, while Harvard had done well with last year's conquerors of the Army, in that she had been able to win out. The Indians had had a hard battle with Penn. State, but had succeeded in getting out ahead. Few of the critics were wise enough to see in the great speed of the Indians and their further development of the long forward pass, which Yale and the Navy used so successfully last season, the great possibilities of the team from Carlisle.

Then came Saturday the 26th of October. Princeton traveled out to Ithaca with the confidence behind the team of not only Princeton's own partisans and supporters, but the greater proportion of the football public. Cornell had called away from Penn. State Fennell, a former Cornell player who had been coaching the Penn. State team, in the rather desperate hope that he might patch up some of her weaknesses, in the week preceding the Princeton game. One can gather from this something of the way in which every one expected the Princeton-Cornell contest to end. But Cornell, whose team had been the object of com-

passion during the week, turned about, rose to the occasion, stopped Princeton's heretofore invincible attack, and defeated her, though only by the narrow margin of one point.

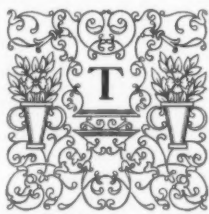
Pennsylvania, smarting under the defeat by the Indians last year, and with what had shown itself in the Brown game to be a far better attack and more cohesion than the team of 1906, determined on this same Saturday not only to defeat the Indians, but, if possible, to reverse the score of the former year. A huge crowd attended the game, and while some believed the game would be close, it is safe to say that it was only a very small minority who had any idea that the Indians would beat the Pennsylvania 1907 team even worse than they did that of 1906. Yet that is what happened.

Scoring sixteen points in the first half, the Indians added ten more in the second, while Pennsylvania on her ordinary attack never even menaced the Indians' goal, and finally scored but once.

Yale on that Saturday met Villanova, the only team that had scored upon Princeton, and some anxiety was felt, not as to the result of the game, but as to the possibility of the visitors' repeating upon Yale what they had done to Princeton. After the 0-0 game at West Point the Saturday before, there was some doubt expressed as to the ability of Yale's attack to score in anything like the fashion Princeton had against Villanova. Here again, however, the unexpected prevailed, Villanova not being able to menace the Yale goal and the Yale attack running over her much as it had over Holy Cross.

The Navy also rather surprised her partisans by defeating Lafayette no less than 17-0.

Thus October has given some measure of the surprises and upsets possible under the new conditions.



THE question that is affecting the big teams and their coaches is whether carefully prepared methods can be ignored and reliance placed upon constant forward passing to result in enough flukes and chances to neutralize more definitely prepared plans of attack. Teams show already some indication of the imitative quality. Two teams enter a game, and each plays a steady, careful, conservative game, neither taking any very wide chances. Suddenly one of the teams begins with forward passing, and within a few minutes, instead of using the play with judgment, and only making it when the recipient of the pass has secured his position, the two teams will begin a most indiscriminate throwing of the ball, slapping it with their hands and scrambling for it on the ground until one can not help feeling that the element of luck is going to decide the contest.

Still another disagreeable feature of the careless, reckless passing is, that one team may have earned a touchdown and goal by good play, and have held every advantage until the last few minutes of the game; then the team that is behind plunges into a perfect orgy of forward passing on the forlorn hope that a fumble may result in tying the score.

The game is quite as interesting and exciting as last year, so long as the two teams play with some set purpose, interspersing their running game with on-side kicks and forward passes where called for, but never making a play unless conditions seem to warrant it, and the chances, figuring from the position that can be reached by the men, seem to favor its success by at least the ratio of three to two.

Nor has November been so very far behind October

in the unexpected features of the new game. True, the development of the teams has been more consistent, as it always is in the second month of the season. But it is probable for all that that the ends and back field of all the big teams on the eve of an important contest are dreaming of the possibilities and impossibilities of forward passes.

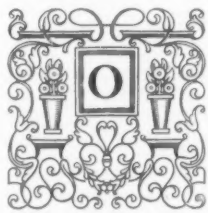
On the first Saturday of the month the Carlisle Indians came up from their tremendous victory over Pennsylvania and were beaten by the very team that succumbed to Cornell the week before, namely, Princeton. More than that, they were beaten quite badly. Princeton evidently came back to all her old-time speed and form. For a short time the Indians were successful in holding her and, by the superiority of their kicking, in keeping the ball out of their danger zone. Then came an on-side kick by Princeton which an Indian fumbled, and Princeton had the ball within striking distance. True, she did not succeed in getting it over, and the Indians took the ball on downs, but the respite for them was only temporary, for their kick went only a short distance and was seized by Dillon, whose running back of all punts was very strong throughout the game, and this young man carried it within striking distance once more, from which point Princeton put it over. After that it seemed to be more of a question of the size of the score than of anything else.

On the same day Harvard, with a score of 5-0 against her and in favor of Brown even up to the last three minutes of play, succeeded in making a forward pass which took the ball within six or seven yards of Brown's goal and then crowded it over for a touchdown. The conversion of the touchdown into a goal by a good kick made the score 6 to Brown's 5 and gave Harvard the victory by a very narrow margin.

On this same Saturday also Yale found considerable difficulty with Washington and Jefferson, only winning out by a score of 11-0.

Thus it will be seen that the football map has been subject to kaleidoscopic changes all through the season.

The games have not fully determined the value of the different points in the play, but have demonstrated quite conclusively that the public does not like to see so many successive pauses in the play nor the continuity of the game so broken by penalties for incomplete or illegal passes and set-backs as it is under the present conditions. It has also been found true that the long-distance kicker is of especial value to a team, and that brings about something of a return to individual prowess.



OF the remaining games of the season up to the final contest between the Army and Navy, the Yale-Harvard game, which takes place at Cambridge on the 23d, stands out most prominently. By that time Yale will have had the greater experience, but Harvard will have had an opportunity to see everything that Yale possesses spread out on the gridiron, for there is no question but that the Princeton game demanded the exhibition of every possible play that Yale could put forward. Last year it was Yale that developed the new rules to the greatest extreme, but this season Harvard has gone a great deal farther in experimenting even than Yale in her try-outs of methods last year.

Both teams have first-class kickers, and when the ball journeys down the field through the air from the foot of either Burr or Coy, it will take good ends to



cover the distance. Harvard uses some short kicks interspersed with the long ones which have proved puzzling to her opponents. She also uses a long forward pass similar to that which proved her undoing last year when Yale by means of it planted the ball on Harvard's goal line.

The Chicago-Indian game will be specially interesting on account of the experimenting in diet which has been used by Mr. Stagg with the Chicago team this year based on low proteid principles. The Pennsylvania-Cornell game is the Thanksgiving *pièce de résistance*. On the Saturday after Thanksgiving the final game of the season is played at Philadelphia, between West Point and Annapolis.

Last year the Navy proved successful for the first time in some seasons, and the interest was thereby much increased. This year the Army has arranged her schedule with more of a realization that it is as impossible for her as it is for Yale or Harvard to bring her team along so rapidly as to have it keyed up in midseason and then hold it on edge to the end. The Navy, on the other hand, is playing more consistent football than for some seasons.

There seems to be a pretty general consensus of opinion that neither the spectators nor players are satisfied with the alteration in the rules which has led to more indiscriminate forward passing, and the complaint is very generally heard that there is too much penalizing

in the game. This condition has come about because it pays to take chances on a forward pass on the first or second down which never would have been thought of last year. The forward pass, to any team that had not worked the play up thoroughly so as to be sure of having more than one man down the field to receive the ball, proved a boomerang to teams which thus used it last year. This year, owing to the fact that the rule has been changed, and the penalty for an incompleting forward pass on the first and second downs made much less, a team will have a try at it, even though they are not very good at its performance, because they do not lose the ball on it even if it fails, and they still have a chance to get in their kick on the next down. This means that considerable time is expended in bringing the ball back and then pacing off fifteen yards, and the forward pass under these conditions fails to be either exciting or spectacular. The on-side kick is being made more of, but here also there is a leaning toward making it rather more a matter of luck and chance than a definitely placed maneuver. The back drives a short, low one over the rush line, figuring out that if it bounds eccentrically when it strikes the ground there is more than an even chance of his own men getting it.

Last year on-side kicks when used were placed in such positions that some man of the kicker's own side was nearer to the point where the ball

would strike the ground than any of his opponents. This required not only good judgment on the part of the quarter-back, but very considerable accuracy on the part of the kicker, whereas the play this year, as it is developing, is simply a case of kicking a low, short ball anywhere over the line, and relying upon its eccentricity of bound to make the play a success. Otherwise, the rules seem to be working out very well and continuing the very marked increase of popularity which came to the new game last season. The play is open, the crowd sees what is going on, no team can rely upon close hammering gains because, unless there is some feature of deception about the attack, it is absolutely impossible to make consecutive gains and hold possession of the ball under the ten-yard rule. It takes more than three times three yards to net the necessary distance, and every team knows this, and the coaches must devise plays that will conceal the point of attack, give an opportunity for more open running, and use a far greater variety of offense than was necessary under the old five-yard rule.

The neutral zone between the two lines is also working out excellently. It gives a better chance for the spectators, and for the officials as well, to see the play, but more than and preferable to either of these is the fact that it tends to practically eliminate the incessant "scrapping" between the two lines, which was a feature of the old game.

# The First Undying Passion of Ensign Russell

By DAVID GRAY



GEORGE RUSSELL, who was called "Peach," an Ensign of the United States Navy and the hero of many unprofitable exploits, sat on the hotel veranda, in the morning sun, apparently gazing down the mountain valley. He was on sick leave. There was a tea-house at the turn of the road; the hills were scarlet with autumn maples; bamboos shimmered and waved by the gateway. In the garden pool before the hotel ancient red carp were weaving meditatively, and above the pass to the right rose the ineffable Fuji, gleaming in new snow. A man dropped into the chair beside the Peach. It was Pellew, a First Lieutenant, also invalided. "Can you beat it?" he observed.

The Peach sat up with something of a start. "Beat what?" he demanded.

Pellew looked at him. "Why, the whole thing," he said; "Japan." He made a comprehensive gesture.

"I don't know," replied the Peach, "I haven't noticed it; I was thinking."

"Homesick for Samar?" asked the First Lieutenant ironically.

"There are worse places than Samar," said the Peach.

"Not charted," said Pellew.

"We needn't discuss Samar," observed the boy. He proffered a letter that he had in his lap.

"Can you beat that?"

Pellew took it and read:

"DEAR GEORGE—I, too, am on sick report. Enteric. Yesterday I met a man in the Club at Zamboanga, who has concessions in Korea. He says he can give us tiger shooting, such as you read about in books. You put a goat out at night, and they are as thick as flies on a piece of sugar. I have accepted for us both, and have got leave. Also the Doctor says it is all right for you to go instead of staying in Japan, and, like a brick, he has fixed it up with the powers. Am starting to-morrow for Hongkong with Fanshawe. He's our host. Will wire you when to meet us in Seoul. Besides the goat game, you go in caves after them with a torch, and shoot when you see their eyes. Peach, it's the dream of our life, and it's true. Am bringing your 30-40 and a sheath-knife for you."

"Yours truly, BILL FRANCIS."

"Well," said Pellew, "are you going?"

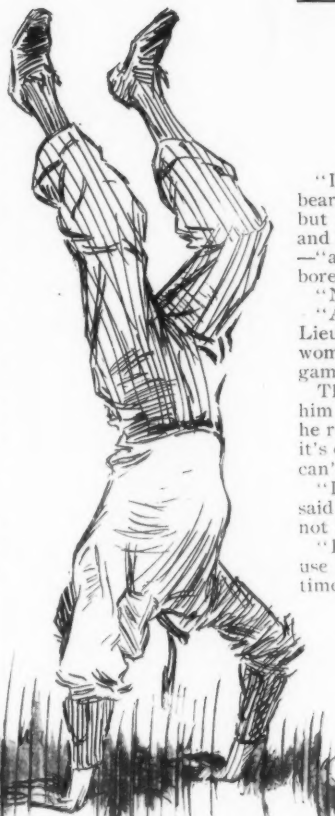
"Am I going?" said the Peach vehemently.

"But I thought you had enteric fever," said Pellew.

"Do you think a man ought to let fever interfere with a chance like that?" said the Peach; "besides, I'm well. No temperature for a week; and, besides, I'm continued, 'I'm bored stiff with this place.'"

"Don't like Japan?" said Pellew. There was a note of surprise in his voice.

"Certainly not," said the Peach. "What is it, anyway, but temples and tea-houses and peaceful heathen natives and scenery and shops and American summer girls on the hotel veranda; even the bear shooting is played out."



"I believe," said Pellew, "that the bear shooting is poor and hard to get, but the veranda girls"—he paused and made a gesture toward the right—"anything is better than being bored."

"Not that," said the Peach. "And why not?" asked the First Lieutenant. "Have you exhausted woman, or does the game make you suffer?"

The boy looked at him blankly. "Suffer," he repeated. "No, but it's one of the things I can't understand."

"If you mean girls," said Pellew, "you are not alone."

"I mean what's the use of wasting your time on girls?" said the Peach.

"That's what I mean. When you get old and lose your nerve it's all right to get married. If you do it before you're a goat."

"Is this theory," asked Pellew, "or the fruit of experience?"

"I had four sisters," said the Peach. "I know there is nothing in it."

"Did they all have your charming complexion?" asked the First Lieutenant.

The Peach turned his head and looked down the veranda. "Who is that?" he demanded. There was a man approaching with the obvious intention of addressing one or the other of them.

"I don't know," said Pellew. "He came yesterday."

"He's a civilian, and a pinhead all right," observed the Peach. To Ensign Russell the homely, unvarnished civilian, although a low order of creature, was concededly essential. Mankind could not all be officers. But the civilian, who was besides a scholar, or a man of fashion, or a squire of dames, was inconceivable. The man who was approaching was obviously a man of fashion and an Englishman. He glanced quickly at them both, and, addressing the Peach, said pleasantly:

"I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Ensign Russell?"

"I am," said the Peach.

"My name is Armitage," said the man. "I am an embassy from a lady."

"A lady?" repeated the boy. There was a note of apprehension in his voice, and the Englishman's eyes

laughed. His expression, however, was grave and deferential. He was one who could control his countenance and provoke others to mirth.

"Yes," he said, "from a lady who wishes to have you presented to her—Miss Stephenson."

At this point Pellew began to shake. He coughed and departed hurriedly.

The Peach looked blankly at Mr. Armitage. He knew of no Miss Stephenson; moreover, panic was coming upon him, for over and beyond his expressed views regarding girls, there was the fact that they made him feel self-conscious and uncomfortable.

"Look here," he said to the Englishman; "it's too bad, but you see I am invalided. The doctor won't let me see people."

"I see," said the Englishman, "but I believe it to be because you are invalided that you are granted this privilege. I fancy her people have written about you."

"I'm sorry," said the boy, "but honestly I don't think I am up to it to-day. I am pretty bad to-day. I tell you; I'll sneak around to the back of the hotel, and you can tell her that you can't find me."

"Unfortunately," said Armitage, "she is watching us; that is Miss Stephenson."

A girl had detached herself from a group of people and was approaching. The Peach rose and was presented.

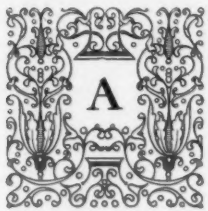
"And now," said Armitage, after he had concluded the ceremony, "I must bolt. I have to catch the morning train for Tokyo. Be considerate of Mr. Russell," he added to the girl; "he is not at all strong." He said good-by to her casually, waved his hand to the Peach, and got into a rickshaw. "I say," he called back to the girl, "I'll bet you a yen you can't be—" he said a word that sounded like "good," and drove off.

The girl apparently did not hear. The Peach heard, but it meant nothing to him. He was occupied with his own thoughts, which were stormy; his face darkened with an appreciation of the situation; he had been trapped. He would have liked to have Mr. Armitage alone behind the hotel. But the Englishman was safely away, and he was acting as his substitute to a veranda girl. He had one solace, however; he could think of the Korean mountains, whether he would soon be speeding. Bill's wire might come any day.



He finally turned a back somersault





N hour later Pellew came by on his way to lunch, and he saw the Peach still with his new acquaintance; moreover, he heard her arranging to go to Hakone under his escort. He shook with Olympian laughter. "I suppose you will get out of it in some way," he suggested when they were seated in the dining-room. "How?" said the Peach. "It turns out she is the old man's daughter [to the Peach his Admiral's daughter was a duty]. He wrote to her to look out for me, and so she thought I was sick." "I should like to see the letter," said Pellew. "Why?" demanded the Peach. "Simply because, O beautiful and woman-despising youth," replied Pellew. "You know her?" said the boy. "What sort of a girl is she?" "I could tell you what sort she isn't," said Pellew. "But to answer your question would take a long time, and then—" he broke off and smiled mysteriously. "And then what?" demanded the Peach.

"Eat your tiffin while your appetite is still good," the other answered, and he talked to the young man of bridge hands.

At the end of the second day at dinner, after he had picnicked with her at Hakone, the Peach brought up the subject with Pellew.

"Perhaps you remember," he began, "the other day we were speaking about Miss Stephenson."

Pellew remembered.

"And you seemed to think she was deep and hard to understand?" "I think I did," said Pellew.

"Well," said the Peach, "you were wrong."

"I am often wrong," said Pellew, with suspicious meekness. "I wish you would tell me the facts. You see, I don't know her well."

"In the first place," said the Peach, "there is no mystery about her. It's just like talking to Bill Francis." (Pellew gasped, but inaudibly.) "I mean, she is interested in everything like a man; and she certainly says funny things. I think she is the brightest woman I have ever known. You know, I think she has the best mind." He spoke as if from a vast experience.

"I understand," said Pellew, "it is very interesting."

"But what I like best about her," said the Peach, "is that there is no nonsense about her. You know what I mean; you don't think of her as a girl. You can trust her."

Pellew paused with a fragment of Kamakura-yebi (which is an excellent crawfish) on his fork. He suppressed his emotions with an effort and nodded.

"Of course, you know," he observed sympathetically. "Undoubtedly I was misinformed."

"You must have been," said the Peach. "You ought to get to know her; she says you seem very nice."

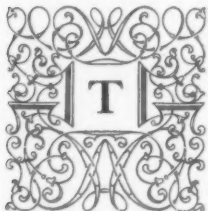
"That is truly good of her," said Pellew, and he became silent.

Other data relating to Miss Stephenson were of public record. She was twenty-four; she came from Kentucky. She had violet eyes and much corn-colored hair. There had been three men at the White Sulphur who were engaged to her the summer she was sixteen. Her given name was Evadne.

"Anyway," said Pellew, emerging from his meditation, "she'll help to keep you from being bored until you start for Seoul. I should think you could hardly wait for the cable."

The Peach ignored the reference to the cable. "Miss Stephenson is a friend of mine," he said severely. "You don't talk about your friends as if they were a song-and-dance act to kill time."

"Quite right," said Pellew with gravity, "I apologize," and he returned to the yebi.



THE days passed, no cable came from Bill Francis, and the Peach's acquaintance with his new friend deepened. He was continuously amazed at the freedom with which he talked to her of his work and ambitions, at her manlike power of comprehending his point of view. The circumstance did not shatter his views as to other young women. It merely demonstrated her the exception. By adroit questioning he even drew from her the admission that she was not wholly like other girls. He communicated this to Pellew, who listened with interest. There was, moreover, another thing that drew them together—her interest in tiger-shooting. She thought it "perfectly wonderful" that he should dare go after such dangerous things. She had called him

George for two days, and he was beginning to call her Evadne.

It was just a week since Mr. Armitage had acted as ambassador that the Peach came into the dining-room, rather late for dinner, and took his place opposite Pellew. There was on the menu English roast beef from Australia, which ordinarily the Peach delighted in, yet it seemed to arouse in him no enthusiasm and remained untasted. He drank copiously of water, and shot furtive glances across the dining-room. He remarked to Pellew that it would probably rain, unless the wind hauled around, and relapsed into silence.

Pellew agreed with him about the rain and was silent for a time, as if framing a conversation. "I have been thinking about what you told me a few days ago," he began; "it pleased me."

"What was that?" asked the Peach.

"That Miss Stephenson thought I seemed nice, and would like to know me better."

"Did I say she said that?" asked the Peach vaguely.

"Something like it," said Pellew, "and you advised me rather to go in, you know."

"Well?" said the Peach.



A girl had detached herself from the group of people and was approaching

"Well," said Pellew, "I've made up my mind to go in. You see, I am forty; my tiger-shooting days are past, and it's time for me to be settling down."

"I see," said the Peach.

"What you have told me about Miss Stephenson convinces me that she is no mere frivolous girl; but a serious, splendid woman." Pellew paused, but the Peach made no comment, so he went on: "As man to man, George, how would you advise me to go about it?"

"How can I advise any one about the woman he ought to marry?" replied the Peach. "There is a man made for every woman and a woman for every man, and when they meet they know it."

"Do you really think so?" said Pellew.

"I know it," said the Peach; "it's a fact."

"But," said Pellew triumphantly, "they can not know it until they meet, so I think I'll give her a picnic over the pass and get acquainted. If your cable doesn't come to-morrow, or next day, and you don't want a rest from her, you might come along. You could cook the bacon."

The Peach assented without enthusiasm. After a pause which he spent in thought, he looked at Pellew impressively.

"Do you know," he said, "I am worried about that tiger hunt."

"Do you think the cable has been mislaid?" asked the First Lieutenant.

"No," said the Peach, "I am afraid I may not be able to go."

"Not go!" exclaimed Pellew.

"Exactly," said the Peach. "The fever has come back. Now the question is, ought I to go into Korea with fever?"

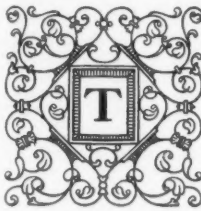
"I should think it was just the place," said Pellew. "Frosty mountains are life to fever patients."

"But the diet?" said the Peach.

"It's a cattle country," said Pellew. "You can get milk."

"I must think it over carefully," said the Peach. "A man ought not to take unnecessary risks. Don't you think so? One owes something to the service when it's so short of officers."

"That's what I call *esprit de corps*," said Pellew; "and remember, it is dangerous to overeat of roast beef with the temperature up." So saying he rose and left the table.



THAT night the Peach did not go to sleep. Toward midnight he took his temperature, as he had not done for a fortnight. Not altogether to his surprise, the mercury registered normal. There was then no alternative to account for his state of mind but the events of the afternoon. They had been walking together.

She had become dizzy upon a stepping-stone in a shallow brook and had screamed gently. With no more than the impulse to rescue he had borne her to shore. There had been a moment that the touch of her straw-colored hair was on his cheek, that its Circean fragrance was in his nostrils, that he felt the pulses of the universe beating in his virginal arms. From that moment a new and strange condition had come upon him, and, assured by the thermometer that it was not disease, he accepted it as the sign of the god. At last he was in love; so he lay in ecstatic wakefulness, the glory of existence throbbing lyrically in his heart.

The darkness of the chamber faded, the twittering of birds began, the dawn crept in through chinks in the shoji, and, the practical character of the man reasserting itself, he considered what was to be done. It was true that she was older than he, but only three years. It was true that he had but an ensign's pay, but other ensigns had married upon it. Finally it was undeniable that marriage would be a refutation of all that life had hitherto meant; yet, because he had been in the darkness, was he to continue there after light had come? The significance of this intoxicating revelation could be only one thing—this was the woman prepared for him before time began. He must accept her; it was a duty as well as a joy. Yet it could not be thought of as a duty. It was the passion that animates the universe, immortal, unchanging. He prepared introductory remarks, a noble and affecting declaration which was to close as she should timidly hang her head. He rehearsed till he was letter-perfect. At times he had the sense of her actual presence, and he felt the touch of her straw-colored hair on his cheek, all of which is one of the interesting problems of physiological psychology.

Morning came, and when the chambermaid announced "baf ready," the delirious sweetness of his state of mind began to fade as the pink light dies from the sunset, and he was left with the sober outlines of the situation. The intrusion of the daily world having banished ecstasy, reflection succeeded it. He dressed slowly and seriously, taking farewell of his happy bachelor ways. It was in point to do this, for by noon he was to be as good as a married man. Those words made him grin nervously, for marriage, like death, was a change that he had recognized as concerning others rather than himself. In fact, when contemplating it he seemed to be another. George Russell was no more. And here a strange thing occurred. As he went in to breakfast, without rime or reason, there swept over him a passionate regret for the old Russell, for an instant almost an envy of him. He immediately dismissed the thought as unseemly, for, as they say in romance, was he not the happiest fellow in the world? Beside his plate he found a letter. "It's from Bill," he observed to Pellew. He opened it with a curious mixture of emotions.

"I trust nothing has happened to the tiger-hunt," said the First Lieutenant.

In silence the Peach handed the communication to Pellew, who read:

"We reached Manila this morning, and Fanshawe got a wire saying that on the 19th three man-eaters came into a village and ate two coolies. They have them marked down, and are saving them for us. Of course, I mean the tigers. I shall get you an express in Hongkong, as the thirty-four won't stop 'em quick enough. Yours, BILL."

Pellew looked up thoughtfully from the letter. "I



should think a man would have to be pretty sick to resist man-eaters."

"Why?" said the Peach.

"Why?" repeated Pellew.

"I don't see," said the boy, "that a man-eater is any more fun than any other tiger." But his words were uttered without conviction.

"Every man to his own opinion," said Pellew. "I infer, however, that you have decided not to go."

"What can I do," said the boy, "with a temperature of 104?"

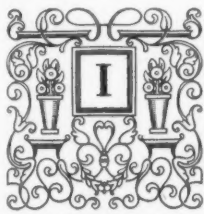
"Bed," said the First Lieutenant, "and a milk diet. I'll manage the picnic alone." He rose and left the table.

The Peach looked after him balefully. Presently he took Bill's letter, tore it into little bits, and piled them on his plate. "Why couldn't Bill have kept the man-eaters to himself?" Then he wondered how he could be provoked at Bill, or any one else in the light of his new and great happiness. It was strange that he could have forgotten it even for a moment. An immortal love is of more importance than tigers.

He finished his breakfast and sent a note to Evadne's room. She rarely appeared before eleven. The note said:

"Come down, and let's take a walk. I have just had a letter that I want to consult you about."

He deemed the reference to the letter an adroit way of putting it. It avoided sentiment, which looks mushy on paper. It was truthful, too, in a secondary sense, for he was going to tell her that he had something in mind more interesting than man-eaters. Naturally, she would ask what that could be, and then he would be ready with the introduction already composed. He smiled at his own shrewdness; but his smile was mirthless.



Due time the bell boy returned with word that Miss Stephenson would be down immediately. Experience told him that this was not to be taken literally, so he went out upon the veranda and sat down on the steps. The banners of autumn were flying. Tides of sunshine made the world glorious. The air still sparkled with the frosts of dawn. He filled his lungs and gazed away toward the hills. Insensibly their spell began to creep over him, and there came upon him that sad, fierce passion for their distance and mystery which is the call of the Angel of Adventure. The paradise of the night hours, Evadne, and that other self which worshiped, slipped away into the land of shadows and forgotten things. Unconscious of its trancency his mind was treading other trails. In a flash of day-dream he was following a wounded tiger along the face of a Korean ravine. He came upon the beast crouched at bay. The great cat charged. He waited coolly until he could see the gleam of its slaver-dripping teeth. A single shot rang out. The tiger dropped. He was measuring it, and the tape showed it eleven feet from tip to tip, when he recalled the circumstance that he was going to engage himself to Miss Stephenson about eleven o'clock.

The realization came with something strangely like a shock, yet he knew that shock was inappropriate to such a situation as his. He was wondering what it could mean when two American small boys began to play "catch" with a baseball on the plot before the hotel, and the question dismissed itself. It was many months since he had seen a baseball, and of all games, that played upon the diamond was his especial joy. It occurred to him that on the brink of matrimony it might not be dignified to indulge in sport, but he did not care. His hands itched for the feel of the ball. He opened communication with the boys, and presently the game became three-cornered. It was as delightful as he had anticipated. Ten minutes later the small boys discarded catch as too inactive. The Peach demurred, but he was overruled, and they decided upon tag. He believed that he had outgrown tag, yet he owed it to his friends not to disrupt the game, so he became "it." As he ran and dodged, the exhilaration of exercise grew upon him. Figuratively speaking, it went to his head. If he had been a colt he would have bucked and tossed his heels skyward. As it was, when the pressure of animal spirits neared the bursting point he turned a cartwheel. After the disclosure of this accomplishment his associates ceased tag and demanded further exhibits. He did not disappoint them, but walked on his hands, did cartwheels, handsprings, and finally a back somersault. He returned to the veranda steps tingling and radiant with play, but the radiance

faded as he recalled the morning's program and realized that he recalled it with shrinking as from something strange and inconceivable. And this time it was not merely a passing doubt, but a continuing state of mind. The goddess that had come to him out of the dusk in the perfume and touch of a girl's hair had grown vague and impossible of recall. He was bewildered. Where was he? What did it mean? He began to examine himself with the end of finding out, but he could get no further than the appalling fact that the George Russell who was sitting in the sun upon the veranda steps did not want to be engaged. The idea of marriage was repugnant, even terrifying. While the world was before him full of games and fun, while strange cities were unvisited and south equatorial continents unseen, while splendid wars were possible with the Powers that we were elbowing in the East, and, finally, while three man-eating tigers were marked down for him across the straits in Korea, it was impossible.

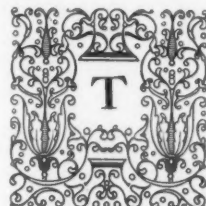
Yet, on the other hand, there was the doctrine of predestined affinities and the fact that he had lain awake all night for the first time in his life, and that the cause was love. And love, as he knew from literature, was immortal. It was an inscrutable mystery. After a time a curious, uncorrelated query from the veiled regions of his mind floated up into conscious-



The Peach started up from his knees in inexperienced confusion

ness and hinted at a solution. The cause of his insomnia was assuredly love, but love of what? Of Evadne, of course, he answered, but he was not satisfied. He struggled to recall the fascination of the vision that had glorified the night. Then he heard his name called. He turned, saw Evadne, and knew immediately, without possibility of doubt, that whatever being or idea he may have been in love with it was not the girl standing before him. She was an awfully nice girl. He liked to be with her and talk to her. He would even die for her, but marry her—that was different. He was never going to marry. And then the thought came to him, paralyzing him with horror, he would have to marry her; he was not a free man! The facts were indisputable. It was not peril which had induced Evadne's panic in the brook. It was a woman's avowal. He could see it all now. He had led her on by his attentions, and as an officer and a gentleman he must offer himself. She loved him and would accept him. From behind the bars of the cage, in which honor incarcerated him, he gazed in agony at his receding liberty. A lump rose in his throat for pity of himself. Happiness had passed him by. All that was left for him now was to see to it that she should never suspect the truth. In forty or fifty years the consciousness that he had never given her one unhappy hour would be comforting. He must live for that; it was all he had, that and his work. He was fate's victim and must

go on with the ghastly farce. These thoughts came to him while he said good morning, made commonplace remarks, and led the way forth upon their expedition.



HEY had gone down the road toward the station and were at the turn by the Tea-House of The Singing Waters when her shoe-lacing came untied. It had happened before. He knelt to fasten it with simulated enthusiasm, for the joy of such services had departed. He was absorbed in the problem of a bow and did not notice her startled change of position, nor yet the rickshaw with the three runners that swung around the bend of the road, and stopped suddenly at the peremptory signal of the passenger. The passenger was Armitage. He sat quietly observing the tableau with a humorous look in his eyes and a countenance comically grave. Presently he said in a low voice, as if speaking to himself: "She can't help it, it's a disease. Poor little child! However, I win a yen."

Evadne grew very pink. Then he said "Good morning!" in a loud voice.

The Peach started up from his knees in inexperienced confusion. "Hello," he said, "I didn't see you. I was tying a shoe-lace."

"A superfluous operation," said Armitage. "You are as they say in your country, 'up against' a trained shoe-lace."

"If you are going to be unpleasant," said Miss Stephenson, "you might take the next train back to the British Legation." (The Hon. Lionel Brampton Armitage was second secretary.)

"And this is my reward," he replied, "for abandoning the affairs of nations and coming a day ahead of time—unannounced," he added.

"I guessed you were coming," said Evadne. "We were on our way to the station to meet you."

The Peach looked at her in surprise, and then his gaze turned toward the Englishman. She had never mentioned him, yet they seemed to be old friends.

"I suppose you are going on to the hotel," he said.

Armitage nodded. "Then we shall see you later," said the boy. "We are going down the road." He started, but stopped again as Evadne hesitated.

"George," said Evadne, "I don't think I shall go down the road any farther. You see, I have never ridden in a rickshaw with three runners; besides, I have a headache, and you can tell me about the letter on the veranda after lunch, and, besides," she added gently, "you never would guess it, but I am engaged to the British Legation"—she nodded toward Armitage—"he is rather nice, when you know him."

The Peach steadied himself on the wheel of the kurema. "I guessed it the first day I saw you," he observed calmly.

How he restrained himself from yelling and jumping over the mountain he never knew. "I wish you all kinds of good luck," he added, and shook hands with Armitage.

"Thanks awfully," said the Englishman. "It's awfully good of you, and you have been awfully nice to Evadne. By the way"—he felt in his pocket, remembering something—"I have a wire for you; they gave it to me at the station."

The Peach took the despatch, and just at that moment Pellew came upon them. The boy tore open the envelope and glanced at the message.

"Good news, I take it," said the Englishman, smiling. As the Peach read the slip of paper his face might have been that of the young Keats first looking into Chapman's Homer. "Rather," he said off-handedly. "Tiger-shooting in Korea. I'm leaving this afternoon."

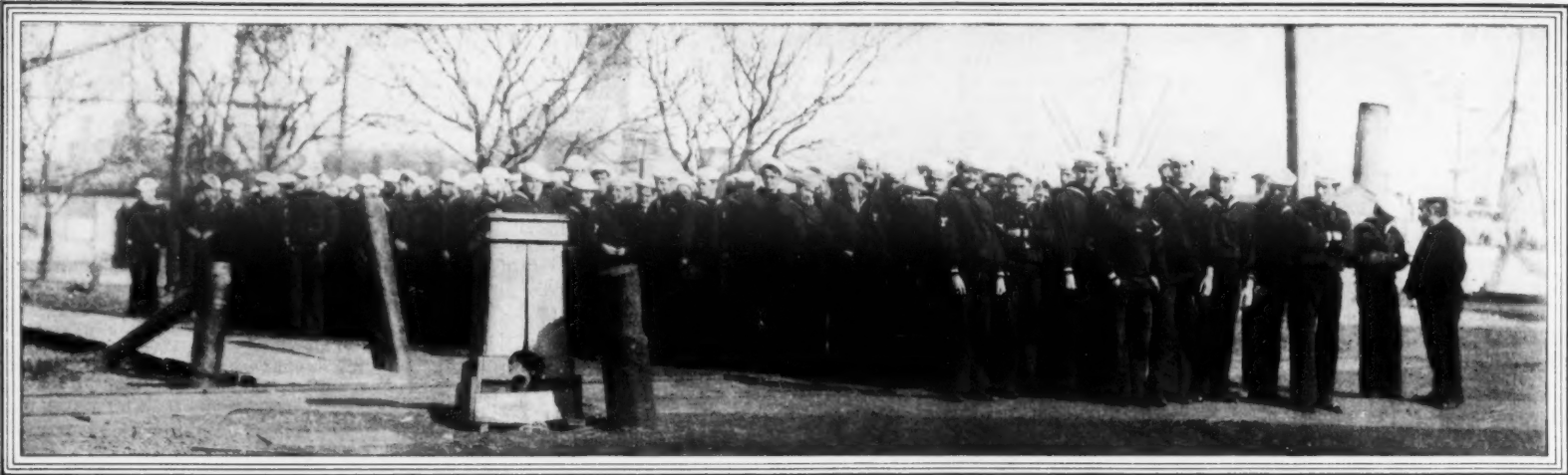
"But the fever," said Pellew, side-glancing at Evadne; to himself, he called her the fever.

The Peach ignored him. "I must go to the station and send a reply," he said. "See you all at lunch." He swung down the road, and Pellew followed him, trying vainly to solve the situation.

"He must be awfully keen about shooting tigers," observed Armitage, who was helping Evadne into the kurema. "I never saw a man look so happy." Evadne wondered, but it was beyond her.

At length she said in her little meek way: "You owe me a yen, Lionel, don't you? You can see for yourself that I have been good."

Just then the Peach turned and waved his hand at them. It was the impulse of joy and youth and liberty. Then he strode on again, the vision of bleak mountains possessing him, the smoke of camp-fires in his nostrils, the silence of starlit nights in his soul; his whole being thrilled with the spell of adventure and the primeval call that summoned Nimrod. The Red Gods were leading him, for the appointed hour of Delilah had not yet come.



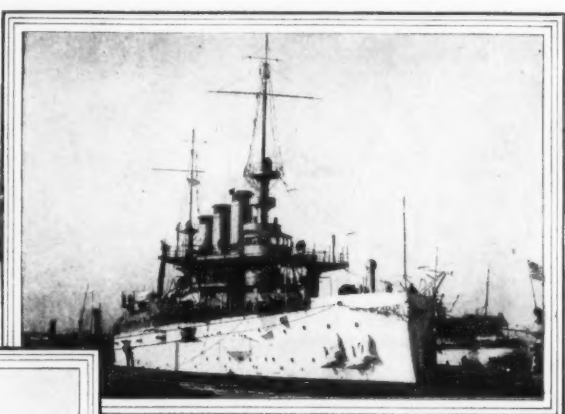
*A working squad of bluejackets: Some of the sailors who will make the four months' cruise around the Horn to the Pacific*

## Grooming the Warships for the Long Cruise

*Scenes in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where five of the ships that are going to the Pacific are being overhauled. The torpedo flotilla, six destroyers, will leave Hampton Roads for the 13,772-mile cruise on December 2, and the battleship division, sixteen ships, two weeks later. The fleet will probably arrive at San Francisco early in April. On the way stops will be made by the battleships at Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Punta Arenas, Callao, and, for target practise, in Magdalena Bay. Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans will be in command of the fleet, and Rear-Admirals Thomas, Emory, and Sperry will be in charge of the other three divisions*



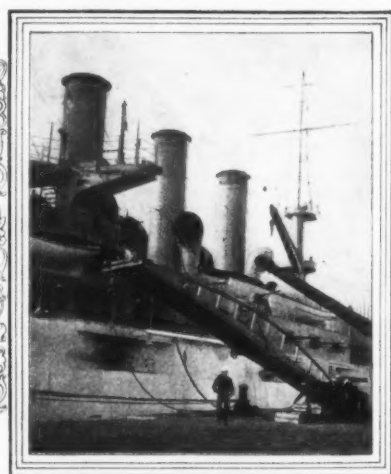
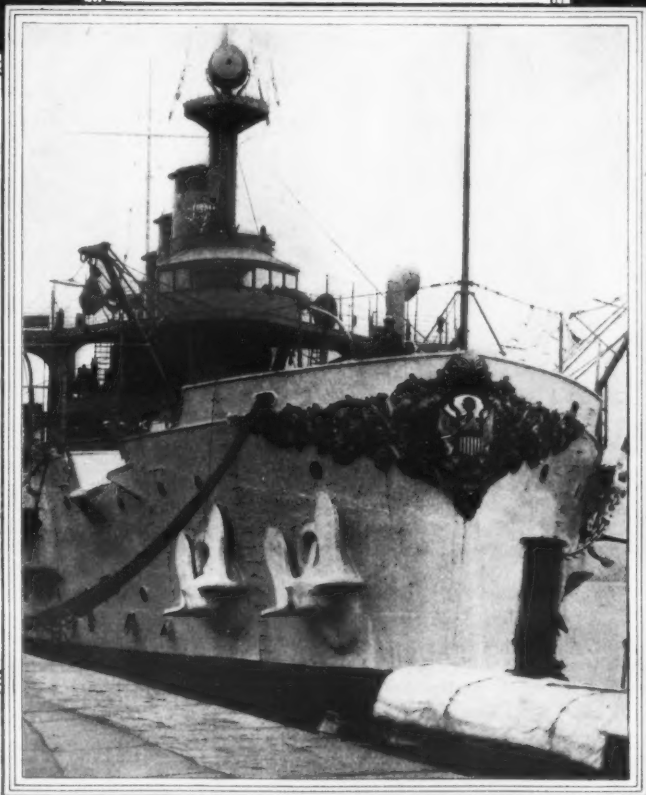
*Loading stores on the "Rhode Island"*



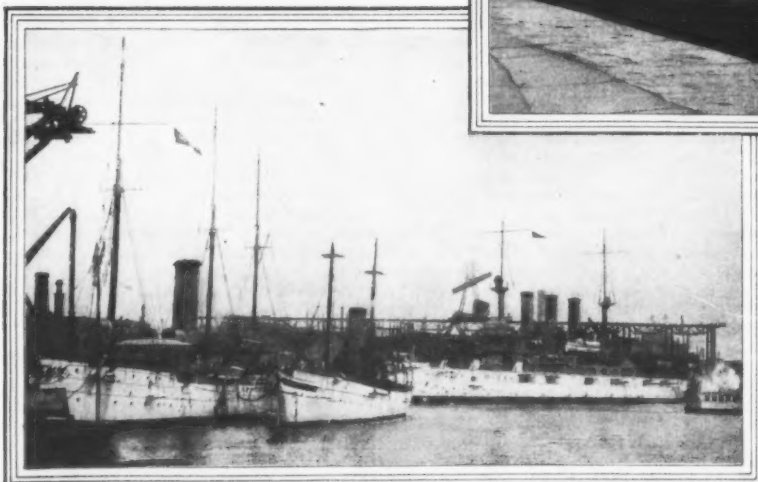
*The "Louisiana" going into dry-dock*



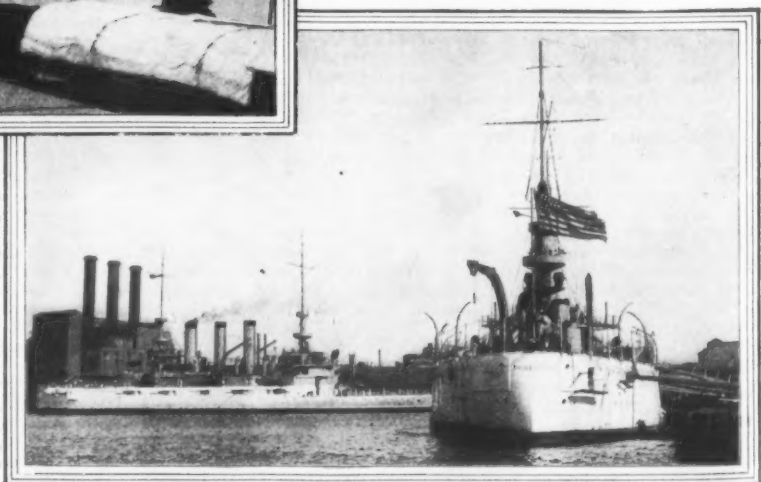
*Warping in the "Louisiana"*



*Taking down the gangplank*



*The "Dolphin" and the "Yankton" (despatch boats) and the "Connecticut" in the Navy Yard. Above, a nearer view of the "Connecticut's" bow*



*The "Ohio" and the "Rhode Island," two of the new ships of the Atlantic fleet that will make the Pacific cruise*



*Drinks  
Ink  
Like  
A  
Camel*

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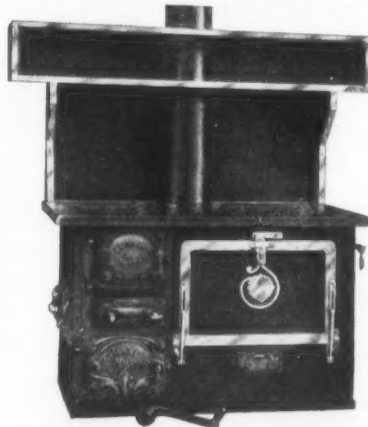
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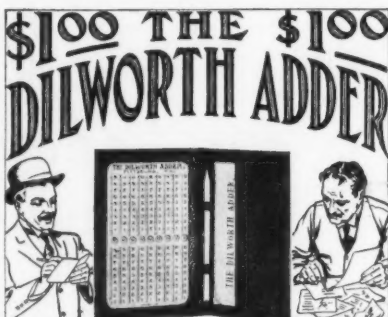
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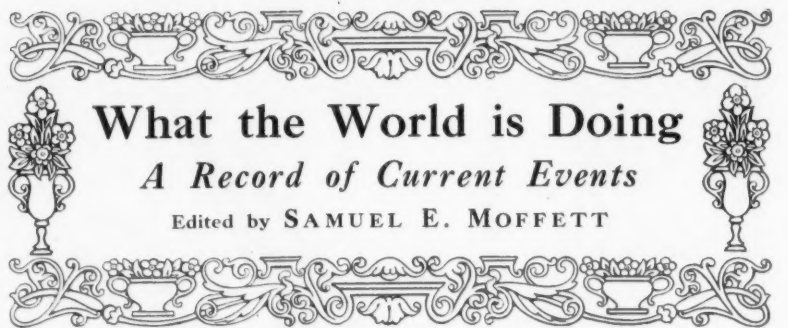
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## What the World is Doing

### A Record of Current Events

Edited by SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

### The World's Gold Famine

#### Panic in America brings a pinch in Europe

THE process of recovery from panic conditions in America has had painful effects in Europe. Earlier in the year we had been exporting gold; our net exports of that metal in the month of June had reached the extraordinary figure of \$21,706,798, and for the year down to the end of August our gold exports had exceeded our imports by over twenty millions. When people began to draw money out of the banks and hide it away this current was abruptly reversed. The American financial machine, like a huge suction pump, drained the European reserves. The engagements of gold for import reached the unprecedented figure of fifty million dollars in two weeks. About nineteen millions came in two ships—the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* and the *Lusitania*—within two days, the latter's golden cargo of \$12,361,150, or nearly twenty-three tons, being the greatest that ever came across the Atlantic in a single vessel. The drain went to the very limit of Europe's capacity to meet it. In the effort to check it the Bank of England raised its discount rate to seven per cent, the highest in thirty-four years, the Imperial Bank of Germany to seven and a half, the highest in its history, and the Bank of France to four—a figure which, in view of the extreme conservatism of French finance, was as remarkable as any of the others. And while America has been drawing the circulation from the veins of protesting Europe, she has been at the same time absorbing new gold from the mines of the United States and Canada to the extent of ten million dollars a month.

### A British Cloud Dissolves

#### The threatened strike of railway workers averted

WHILE she has been struggling to save a little of her gold from the clutches of Wall Street, Great Britain has been spared the crowning calamity of a general railroad strike. Such a disaster had been casting an ever-darker shadow over the future of British industry and trade. The men had displayed a conciliatory spirit, but the directors of the companies had stubbornly rejected all overtures. They would do nothing that by any possibility might be regarded as "recognizing the unions." They would not even hold an informal conference with the representatives of their employees to see what they wanted. They simply planted themselves on an Englishman's inalienable right to run his business as he pleased. With every avenue of discussion and compromise thus cut off, the men reluctantly voted to strike.

Englishmen have had no experience of the practical meaning of a general railroad strike, but they can fill out the picture to some extent from imagination. "London may taste the bitterness of semi-blockade," one paper put it; "collieries may be shut down and wharfs idle; food may go to war prices—at any rate, in urban centres." Naturally there rose a clamorous demand on the Government to do something. And the Government did it. Mr. Lloyd-George, President of the Board of Trade, succeeded in framing an agreement which was signed on November 6 by the representatives of both sides. It "saved the face" of the companies by avoiding a formal recognition of the union, but such a recognition was conceded in effect. It was agreed that matters in dispute should be considered by a board of conciliation, composed of employees of the companies concerned, elected by their fellow workers, and of officials of the roads. In case of failure to agree, representatives of the full membership of the union were to be taken into council, and if the deadlock continued the matter was to be settled by arbitration. In the final resort an arbitrator with plenary powers of settlement was to be appointed by the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Master of the Rolls. The agreement was to hold for six years. The dispersal of the threatening storm-cloud has made Mr. Lloyd-George a national hero, and given the Government a needed accession of strength.

### Reassurances from Japan

#### Baron Hayashi gives something better than soft words

A STEP of unusual significance was taken by Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, in giving out an official statement upon the relations between Japan and America. That Baron Hayashi should scout the idea of war was to be expected—he could not have done anything else—but he did more. He gave assurances that struck at the root of the troubles between the two countries. He not only expressed confidence that the immigration question would be adjusted in a manner worthy of both nations, but he said that it practically had been decided already. "The Japanese Government," he declared, "proposes to control emigration in such a manner as to benefit Japan and at the same time conform to the wishes of the American Government, and is taking most active steps in this direction. "I believe that Japan will be able to solve the question in this manner, it requiring only the patience of the people of both countries. One thing certain is that the Japanese Government is not solicitous for the emigration of its people into any country."

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Our made-to-order furs and fur garments have a distinctive and exclusive style; fit well, sit well and have that comfortable snug feeling that cannot always be claimed for ready-made furs. They are handsomely trimmed and thoroughly well made throughout.

Made to Measure



Sold on Approval

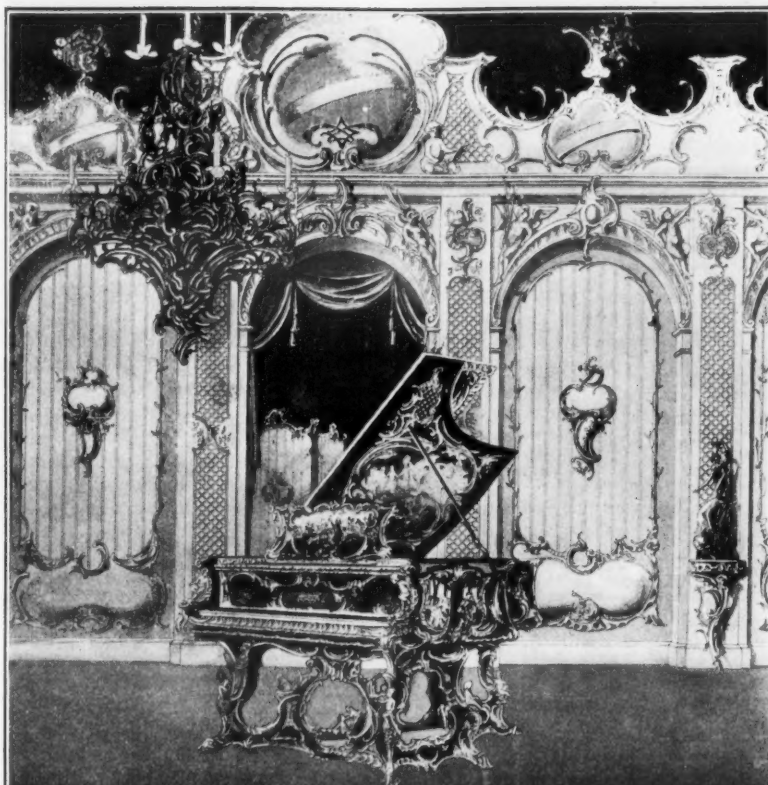
We also remodel and repair all kinds of fur garments. Look yours over. If they need repairing let us quote you a price for making them practically as good as new.

We tan—we mount—we manufacture—are the biggest, best equipped mail order firm in the fur business with patrons in every City and State in the Union where furs are worn.

Send us your raw Skins and Hides and we will make them into Coats, Automobile Coats, Jackets, Robes, Gloves, Mittens, Rugs, etc. If we don't suit you we get no pay. We refer by permission to First State Bank and First National Bank Three Rivers, Mich.

Write today for Catalog A

The National Fur & Tanning Co.  
Three Rivers, Mich., U. S. A.



## The KNABE PIANO

with its supreme standard of musical excellence and its many styles of case, ranging from the simplest to the most elaborate, is within reach of the man of fine musical taste, be his income moderate or beyond the need of economy; and, no matter how much or how little may be paid, he is assured that exquisite tone and perfect action which is exclusive to

### THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO

The Knabe Piano is sold everywhere, and any Knabe representative will be only too glad to have the privilege of showing it to you.

WM. KNABE & CO.

BALTIMORE  
LONDON

NEW YORK  
ST. PETERSBURG

WASHINGTON  
BERLIN

*True to its aim—True to its name*

When you purchase an H & R Revolver, you possess a firearm that has reached the highest stage of perfection—the result of over 35 years' manufacturing experience.

## H & R REVOLVERS

They are made in many styles and sizes as described in our beautifully illustrated catalog, among which we would especially recommend our H & R AUTOMATIC DOUBLE ACTION 32 caliber, 6 shot, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3½ inch barrel, nickel finish, \$6.00. THE H & R HAMMERLESS, \$7.00.

H & R Revolvers cost a trifle less than some other make, but have no superior in point of construction, simplicity of action or in finish. Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trade-mark on handle.

Send for Illustrated Catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,  
447 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

are of tested quality and superior finish, shoot true, work smoothly.



## COLT REVOLVERS

for Accuracy, Reliability, Durability and Perfect Workmanship

Are Recognized by Every Nation as



Catalog "Revolvers" describes all models. Mailed on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.  
Hartford, Conn. 15a Pall Mall, London, S. W.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

## Transient Clothes



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

A MAN buys a STEIN-BLOCH suit. He finds that it fits and wears and gives him style to such an extent that next season he returns and buys another suit.

In short, STEIN-BLOCH clothes keep their friends because they prove their worth and secure the confidence of their wearers.

On the other hand, a man throwing discretion to the winds, purchases a suit of clothes at random, wears it and finds that it plays him false.

He drops that make—takes to another—with the same result. Such promissory clothes thus bought are transient. STEIN-BLOCH's are permanent.

This is the era of ready-to-wear clothing of the right sort—but one must use his judgment in selecting if he is to obtain the unquestioned advantage of buying a finished, fashionable, high-grade product. STEIN-BLOCH's may be seen at the leading clothier's.

This is the clothes-mark to look for



SINCE 1854

Offices and Shops New York,  
Rochester, N. Y. 130-132 Fifth Ave.  
Write for "Smartness," illustrating from photographs Stein-Bloch Fall and Winter Styles.

**THE WARREN MANSFIELD COMPANY**  
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS

Articles are twice the length and width of illustrations

- 10 Scarf Pin, Sterling, Ruby Eyes, 40c
- 11 Solid Gold Scarf Pin, "Rabbit," Ruby Eye, \$1.00
- 16 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst and Pearls, \$1.85
- 20 Gold Filled Brooch or Hat Pin, "Swastika," 65c
- 25 Gold Filled Lace Pin, 3 Pearls, 40c
- 32 Solid Gold Handy Pin, "Wheat," 50c
- 41 Pendant, Gold Filled, Corals, \$1.50
- 47 Sterling Teaspoon, "Swastika," Etched, \$1.15
- 63 Sterling Barrette, "Swastika," 75c
- 65 Solid Gold Brooch, Enameled Leaf, Pearl, \$4.00
- 67 Sterling Brooch, "Good Luck," 75c
- 68 Sterling Brooch, "Teddy Bear," 65c
- 69 Sterling Waist Pin, "Teddy Bear," 25c
- 71 Solid Gold Tie Clip, \$1.00
- 72 Amber Back Comb, Gold Filled, 9 Pearls, \$1.50
- 73 "Daisy" Tape Measure, Sterling, 60c
- 74 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearls, \$2.75
- 78 14 kt. Gold Brooch, 2 Pearls, \$3.00
- 85 Cigar Cutter, Sterling, \$1.50
- 92 Sterling Brooch, Coral, "Holly," \$1.00
- 93 Gold Filled Scarf Pin, Jade Stone, 65c
- 102 Sterling Emery, 75c
- 106 Aluminum Knife, One Blade, "Fish," 25c
- 110 Gold Filled Collar Pin, Pearls, 50c
- 122 Gold Filled Scarf Pin, Jade Stone, 75c

Send by mail for one or more articles. They will surely please you. We prepay all postage or express charges, and guarantee safe delivery. Send postal to-day for our beautiful catalog No. 20, containing illustrations of thousands of articles in gold and silver, fine leather goods, etc., and all the latest ideas. It is free.

**THE WARREN MANSFIELD COMPANY**  
Est. in 1867. 264 Middle St., Portland, Me.

**Wonderful Gates**

Open them and the back gently drops into place, converting the handsome Davenport into a *luxurious*, full-length, full-width bed; close the gate and you have a Davenport again.

No trouble—anyone can do it.

Without these gates the Streit wouldn't be complete. They serve a double purpose. They support the back of Davenport when up; make a *full-width* head and foot board for bed.

Some Davenport Beds have only half a head and foot board—nothing to keep the pillows in place, no way to tuck the bedclothes in.

The only *perfect* combination of Bed and Davenport is the Streit.

No "mechanism" about it. It is the *perfected* article—the result of *ten years'* experiment and improvement. Construction the simplest; upholstery the finest, designs the handsomest and most artistic of any Davenport Bed.

Upholstered in any covering you want. Examine the Streit at your dealers. Look for the name "Streit" on the gate. If your dealer hasn't it we will refer you to one who has or supply you direct.

Send today for our illustrated catalogue giving complete description and showing the simple construction.

**THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO.**  
1040 Kenner St., Cincinnati, O.  
Makers of the Streit Morris Chair with foot rest.

but they based their confidence on what they called the enlightenment and justice of the American people, leaving it to be implied that they expected America to make the concessions necessary to satisfy Japanese susceptibilities. Now we have the representative of the Japanese Government informing us that Japan intends to conform to America's wishes and has already taken steps in that direction, and, furthermore, that his Government is not solicitous for the emigration of its people into any country. This means more than a patchwork compromise; it means the solid restoration of the old cordiality. It makes the visit of the battleship fleet to the Pacific, what the President has always said it would be, a mere practise cruise.

Baron Hayashi complains of the attitude of "a portion of the press of the United States bent on representing an ultimate conflict with Japan as inevitable." The American papers of this class "magnify events of trifling importance into matters portending grave consequences." Curiously enough that is exactly the impression Americans have received of the conduct of a portion of the Japanese press. The Foreign Minister asserts that it is "impossible to find in a single newspaper out of a vast number of journals of all shades of opinion an unfriendly sentiment toward America," but he adds parenthetically: "I allude to newspapers having any standing in Japan." Of course it is the misfortune of most Americans not to know what papers do have any standing in Japan. They read that a brick has gone through a window of a restaurant in San Francisco and then they hear by cable that some excited "shimbun" in Tokyo says that such things are worse than the Armenian massacres. They receive copies of the "Tokyo Puck" with offensive inscriptions on threatening cartoons carefully translated into English for their benefit, with circulars from the publishers asking what they think of them, and not knowing that the "shimbun" and the picture paper have no standing in Japan they fear that for some unknown reason the Japanese are looking for trouble. The frank and weighty statement of Baron Hayashi is a most welcome corrective of these false ideas.

### The Muscles of Ocean Titans Liners' engines that could run whole States

WHEN a new ocean giant—a *Deutschland*, a *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, or a *Lusitania*—makes its *début*, a favorite device of the newspapers for bringing its greatness within the general comprehension is to print pictures of it drawn on the same scale with a sky-scraper. A new census bulletin on the power employed in manufactures gives a new measure of comparison. It appears that the power developed for such purposes has enormously increased of late years. The gain was over forty per cent in the five years from 1900 to 1905. Nevertheless, in the latter year the engines of two hundred and nine *Lusitanias* would have run every manufacturing establishment in the United States, replacing all the steam engines, all the gas and gasoline motors, all the water-wheels, and all the electric generators from Maine to California and from the Niagara to the Rio Grande. A hundred and fifty *Lusitanias* would have done the work in 1900, eighty-five in 1890, forty-nine in 1880, and thirty-four in 1870.

In 1905 the engines of a single ship like the *Lusitania* would have run all the factories in the four States of Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, and Wyoming combined. That was no small number. There were about twenty-five hundred manufacturing establishments in those four States, employing nearly thirty-two thousand men. If the *Mauretania* had helped out she could have taken care of the additional States of Idaho, North and South Dakota, and Utah, together with the District of Columbia and New Mexico. The fleets of the principal transatlantic steamer lines could probably run without trouble all the mills west of the Mississippi.

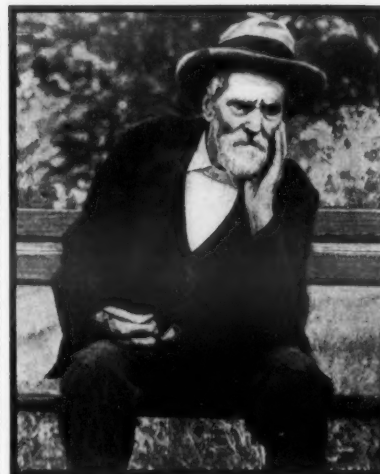
### A Breach in the Tariff The Administration ready to favor free paper

THE journalistic worm has turned at last, with such effect that the President has felt bound to give heed to its complaints. The protective system could never have gained its present hold upon American life but for the enthusiastic aid of a large section of the press, but the entire press, the protectionist part as well as the rest, has now discovered that its own particular part in the tariff issue is "a condition and not a theory." Sheltered behind duties imposed for that express purpose, the Paper Trust is subjecting the newspapers to extortions that are driving them to desperation. Many hitherto prosperous journals see their profits threatened with annihilation, and the trade as a whole is facing an increase of \$19,000,000 in its expenses on a single item next year. Nor has it any assurance that its needs will be properly met even then.

The tariff has had the further effect of starting a movement in Canada, which bids fair to be successful, to secure the imposition of a prohibitory export duty on pulp logs. With free imports of paper into this country this additional burden could probably be averted. When these facts and many others were presented to the President by a committee of the Publishers' Association, he intimated that he would advise Congress to abolish the duties on print paper and wood-pulp, and that he would urge the Department of Justice to take immediate steps to learn how much attention the manufacturers of paper were paying to the anti-trust laws.

### The Postal Bank's Opportunity Postmaster-General Meyer points a moral

ALTHOUGH postal savings-banks and parcels-posts have been in high favor at the Post-Office Department for many years, all attempts to establish them by frontal attacks on vested interests have failed. Postmaster-General Meyer has now undertaken a clever diplomatic flank movement which has encouraging prospects of success. He is enlisting the aid of some of the very interests that have blocked progress hitherto. The financial stringency has furnished his opportunity. Money has gone into hiding because its holders have been afraid to trust private bankers. This distrust, in most cases, has been entirely unjustified, but it is a fact that



## He Never Had Your Chance

In this man's day there was little chance for the chap who started out in life as a workman with no special education. He was foredoomed to work for small wages until finally disqualified by old age.

With you it is different. If you are not getting ahead as you should in your chosen occupation, the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, with their modern system of training by mail, will qualify you in the higher branches of that occupation. The coupon below—the sending of which costs but a two-cent stamp—is the first step toward making

### YOUR Success Certain

If you are just about to enter an occupation, I. C. S. training will ground you thoroughly in every principle of it. If you have been unfortunate in choosing a calling that is uncongenial, the I. C. S. will qualify you for one suited to your tastes and ability.

During September 202 students voluntarily reported increases in salary and position through the help of the I. C. S.

You do not leave home to grasp this opportunity. You do not leave your present employment, unless you leave it for something better. You do not make any sacrifice whatever. To learn how this can be done in YOUR case, fill out the coupon and mail it to-day.

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
Box 1138, Scranton, Pa.

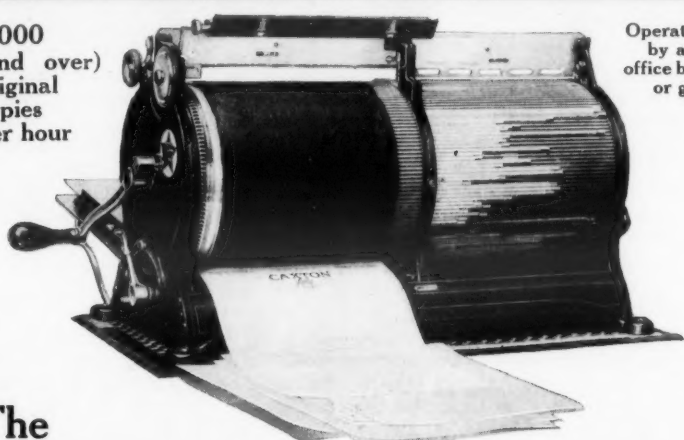
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
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Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
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Civil Service	Build'g Contractor
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(and over)  
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Operated  
by any  
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A Perfect Multiple Typewriter Producing Real Typewriting  
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Remittance Acknowledgments.	Instructions to Employees.	Postal Cards.	Notices of Shipments.
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Notices of Dues and Assessments.	Tabulated Reports, including vertical and horizontal ruling.	Shipping Tags.	Cartage Tickets.
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		Trade Catalogues.	Schedules of Insurance Rates.
		Stock Sheets for Lumber Dealers.	Descriptions of Real Estate Property.
		Factory System Forms.	Instructions to Publications.
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		Telephone Toll Slips and Rates.	Reproducing Testimonial Letters.
		Proxies.	Reports of Advertising Results.
		Inventory Forms.	Subscription Blanks and Receipts.
		Machinery Specifications.	Illustrated Letters and Postals.
		Names for Mailing Lists.	Printing on Fibre or Leather for Advertising Purposes.
		Publishers' Statements for Circulation.	Printing Dealers' Names on Advertising Matter.
		Draft Notices.	
		Salesmen's Business Cards.	

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of forms printed on the Gammeter Multigraph, together with a Multigraphed typewritten letter addressed to you personally. Simply send us your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We will also send descriptive booklet or catalogue.

**THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., 3931 Kelley Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**  
Branch Offices Everywhere

THE REVOLVER

*How an article in the Technical World Magazine July 1907*

*This is an Iver Johnson Revolver*

THE BEST ALL-AROUND REVOLVER.

It has double action, with .32 caliber, and hammer. It is perfectly safe, of sufficient accuracy and shooting force, and small enough to be carried in the pocket with comfort. It is impossible for the model pictured to be discharged unless the trigger is pulled all the way back.

It is hammerless; single or double action;

# IVER JOHNSON

## SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

For testimony as to the "all-around excellence" of the Iver Johnson revolver, we refer you to the unsolicited and impartial statement above.

The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver is so safe that it can't be discharged, unless and until you pull the trigger. It can't go off before that time even if you drop it, throw it down, kick it around, or even

### HAMMER THE HAMMER

When you do pull the trigger, there's no doubt about the result. You hit your mark and hit it hard.

### OUR FREE BOOKLET "SHOTS"

tells more in detail why the Iver Johnson has outstripped competitors in public favor. Our handsome catalogue goes with it, showing details of construction.

<b>Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver</b> Richly nickel-plated, 3-inch barrel, 22 rim-fire, 32 center-fire, or 3/4 inch 38 center-fire cartridge . . . . .	<b>\$6.00</b>	<b>Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver</b> Richly nickel-plated, 3-inch barrel, 32 center-fire, or 3/4 inch 38 center-fire cartridge . . . . .	<b>\$7.00</b>
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Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS**  
146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 29 Chambers Street.      Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.  
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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

*We could fit these men*

## Have You Clothes-Sense?

Is this logic?  
Three men, A, B and C are unlike.  
D (a suit of clothes) fits A.  
It will fit B.  
And C.  
Absurd?  
Of course. But why don't you get your clothes made for you?  
Not to fit you after a fashion, but to fit you perfectly, distinctively, elegantly.  
In short our clothing, made-to-your-exact-measure by experts.

One of our agents writes:  
"Your clothes make our customers pleased all over. Seems like they knew for the first time what it means to be perfectly dressed. No trouble to please them with 340 designs to pick from. Your clothes are adding 100% to my business. It's safe enough for me to guarantee perfect fitting and satisfaction."

Apply your clothes-sense.  
Dress perfectly, yet economically.  
Prices \$18 to \$40.  
Ask our agent in your town.  
If you don't know who he is, write us.

**Great Western Tailoring Co.**  
CHICAGO.

## Do You Know the Joys of Holeproof?

Do you know the joy of putting your feet into Holeproof Stockings that won't go bad for six months?  
Do you know the joy of giving "good riddance" to the miserable, detested weekly darning that Holeproof Hosiery has made an end of?  
Do you know the joy of buying stockings as you do other things, with the knowledge that they will last?  
In short

## Are Your Sox Insured?

**READ THIS GUARANTEE**  
We guarantee any purchaser of Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for six months. If they should we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer.

## Holeproof Hosiery

For Men and Women  
**WEARS SIX MONTHS WITHOUT HOLES**

Holeproof is the original guaranteed long wear hosiery. It is knit of long fibered Egyptian cotton, by a process which renders it extremely tough and durable, yet elastic, and it is soft and easy on the feet.  
Holeproof Sox are reinforced at points of hardest wear and retain their original good shape. They cost no more than ordinary socks and look as handsome as any you ever saw. It is stocking luxury to wear Holeproof, and if you once test it for yourself you will never wear any other.

Men's Holeproof Sox are made in fast colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12. Medium or light weight. Sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired. Six months' guarantee with each pair. We also make stockings for women under the same guarantee. Sizes, 8 to 11. Reinforced garter tops. Colors—Black and Tan.

Send \$2.00 Today for Trial Box. We Prepay Shipping Charges  
CAUTION! If your dealer carries Holeproof, buy of him, but be sure you get the genuine. In ordering state size, color preferred, and whether all one color or assorted. Result by money order, draft or any convenient way.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 41 Fourth Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

## Not A but THE Safety Razor

A Mechanical Perfection, which has been tested and tried out by over 5,000,000 users all over the world, is THE STAR SAFETY RAZOR. It accomplishes its work with safety, comfort and dispatch.  
Blades are forged and full concaved. With proper care they will last a lifetime. Strop the blades occasionally.  
Shaves the heaviest beard and does not irritate the tenderest face.  
Our razor may be inspected at any Cutlery Store.  
Star Razors in sets, from \$1.50 up.  
With the Automatic Stropping Machine and Strop, \$4.50 a set.

## THE STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR

Simple, Safe and Sure, on sale by all dealers, or will be sent you from our factory on receipt of \$1.00.  
As the Christmas season approaches consider the advisability of purchasing the STAR SAFETY RAZOR and the STAR CORN KNIFE for relatives or friends.

**KAMPFE BROS., 17 Reade Street, NEW YORK**

## SPECIAL Autumn Jewelry Offer

Write for our new Fall circular—just out and ready to mail.

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Lockets, Silver, Cut Glass and other special offers in jewelry.

If you are thinking of buying jewelry of any kind now or in the future you should write for this circular at once. This special circular with its rock bottom prices has been prepared with a view of securing from everybody at least a trial order for the house of George E. Marshall. We know a trial order means money saved for our customers and, therefore, continued business for us.

With this circular we will send you our latest catalog, the most complete, accurate and closely priced catalog of diamonds, jewelry, etc., ever published in the United States, and with the Marshall Guarantee of absolute quality.

### DIAMONDS

The very finest pure white gems. Few jewelers even carry in stock a grade of diamonds equal to the Marshall "K" grade. These diamonds are perfect in cut and color and of scintillating pure white beauty. For instance, here is an "K" Grade diamond ring in Tiffany setting for only \$85.00 (payable \$25.00 a month or 8 per cent discount for cash), net cash price \$77.70. Shipped on approval prepaid.

**SEND FOR CATALOG**  
and extra discount sheet. Don't buy jewelry in a haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion. Post yourself thoroughly on the net prices offered by a thoroughly reliable house. Get the best quality—save money.

Tear off this coupon now and get our special Autumn Circular.

Geo. E. Marshall (Inc.)  
103 State St.  
Suite 408  
Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligations on me please send me at once, free, prepaid, your special Marshall Autumn Circular and full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
No letter necessary, the coupon will do

**CUT OR TEAR OFF THIS COUPON**



## Is Your Money Earning 6%?

If not, or if you are not quite satisfied with your present investment, A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds open the way to you for better income with less worry.

For nearly twenty years we have earned and paid 6% on the stroke of the clock to thousands of investors the country over; returning them nearly \$4,000,000 in principal and interest. At the same time we have built up Assets of \$9,446,095.89, including a surplus of \$1,419,518.20—fully establishing the exceptional earning power of our business and the conservatism of our 6% rate.

You ought to be interested in a safe and profitable medium either for income investment or for systematic saving, and we urge you to carefully consider the unusual advantages afforded by A-R-E Six's.

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## The Velvet Edge

A razor may cut a hair and yet not give a smooth shave. An edge produced by a few strokes on a Torrey Strop not only cuts the beard smoothly but leaves the skin cool and unroughed. The secret is in the

## Torrey Strops

They are better than others—the Torrey way gives the quality. Our free catalogue tells all about them. If not at dealer's, sent postpaid for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. If you don't like them it's money back.

Torrey's On-Edge Dressing keeps any strop soft. 15c at dealer's, or by mail. Torrey Razors are the best.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

Last month we proved to many people that they could make \$3000.00 clear profits each year. We are ready to prove that there is

## \$3000.00 FOR YOU

This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for Residences—Hotels—Office Buildings, Etc.

Central Booth Machinery Bldg. Jamestown Exposition

**GENL. COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM MACHINERY CO.**  
4461B Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



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WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

## True Time for a Lifetime



THE purpose of a hair spring is to adjust the watch movement to outside conditions only—heat, cold and changes in position. When the Rockford has proved that it has perfect parts accurately put together, then—and then only—the hair spring is added to counteract these outside influences.

If not readily supplied by your dealer, write us today for information about the right watch at the right price.

**ROCKFORD WATCH CO.**  
Rockford, Ill.

## Priestley's "Cravenetted" Roseberry Cloth

in 3 weights for year around wear make Ideal Motoring Garments For Men, Women and Children

"Rain will neither wet nor spot it."

Coats, Suits, Skirts, etc. made from it have this trade mark stamped on the inside and this silk label is at the collar or elsewhere. "Cravenetted" Roseberry Cloth comes in plain and fancy designs and in a wide range of Khaki and other colorings and are absolutely water-proof.



Write to Dept. 10 for Samples

**B. PRIESTLEY & CO.**  
100 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 15th St., NEW YORK  
Manufacturers of Cravenetted Cloths, Mohairs, Woolens, Worsteds, etc.

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Our course of study will fit you in two months to be a Chauffeur, Auto Salesman or Garage Manager, and there is no better paid occupation nor pleasanter work in the world. Our Home Study Course by mail gives full instruction by charts and text, and does not interfere with your present occupation. Our graduates are recognized as experts and good positions seek them. Write Today for free prospectus. Personal teaching with road practice at our big N. Y. School if preferred.

**NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS, 148 West 56th St.**

## WE WANT STORY-WRITERS

We sell stories, plays, and book MSS. on commission. We read, criticize, and revise all kinds of MSS. and advise you where to sell them. We teach Story-Writing and Journalism by mail. Our students sell their MSS. for one to five cents a word. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how and gives prices. THOMAS W. WOOD, Editor-in-Chief. Endorsed by leading newspapers and magazines. Founded 1893.

**THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION**  
54 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

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Feb. 6, '08. 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons. Tours Round the World, to Europe, Sicily, etc.

**FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York**

must be taken into account. Its results have been startling. People have forced the Post-Office Department to take care of their savings in spite of itself. They have bought money-orders payable to themselves, not only receiving no interest but paying fees for the privilege of depositing, and the money so deposited lies locked up, a useless hoard, in the Treasury. In the five States of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington alone, such orders to the amount of \$100,000 became invalid during the last fiscal year.

Nor is that the worst. In the fiscal year 1907 the Post-Office Department sent abroad no less than \$71,000,000 for immigrants—fifty per cent more than the amount of those recent importations of gold which shook every money centre of Europe and forced the Bank of England to raise its discount rate to the highest point in a generation. Much of this drain was the natural flow of remittances to relatives at home, but much of it represented distrust of American investments. Mr. Meyer has learned that many immigrants, Italians and others, are actually sending their earnings home to be deposited in the postal savings-banks of their native countries because they have confidence in Government security and we offer them no such depositories here. Thus, while we are frantically bidding extravagant premiums for remittances from Europe, we are needlessly sending abroad more than we are bringing in.

Mr. Meyer proposes to meet this situation by allowing the post-offices to accept deposits which the Government would turn over to the national banks. The depositors would have an absolute Government guaranty of security and would draw interest at two per cent instead of having to pay fees for money-orders or hide their money in old stockings to be gathered in by the first thief that came along. The Government, as the Postmaster-General has learned from the assurances of a number of bank presidents, would receive interest on the deposits turned over to the banks at the rate of from two to two and a half per cent. The bankers would have an enormous increase in available resources, and immense stores of financial power now going to waste would be saved and made useful to the community. Everybody would be helped and nobody harmed. It is hardly surprising that such a proposition is meeting a more hospitable reception in financial circles than was accorded to the postal-savings-bank idea when it was regarded as a scheme for direct competition between the Government and the banks.

## Good Advice for Filipinos

### Secretary Taft opens a class in politics

IN an address at a Progressive Party banquet in Manila Secretary Taft offered some political advice whose adoption would be useful not only to the Filipinos but to any people brought up under Latin traditions. A capacious critic might take exception to some of his excursions into the abstractions of political science, such as his remark that the only method of conducting popular governments was by political parties. In Switzerland, which has conducted a pretty successful imitation of a popular government for some little time, political parties are merely ornamental luxuries. The solid work of government is done through non-partisan activity, regulated by the initiative and referendum. In this country George Washington regarded parties as an evil, and tried to prevent their development by taking the representatives of opposing tendencies into his Cabinet.

But when he came down to practical advice Mr. Taft emitted words of gold. "The first lesson in self-government that voters have to learn," he said, "is to be good losers, and when that is learned to be good winners, because self-government imposes restraint on both sides." In that sentence is implied the reason for every Latin-American failure in politics, from Uruguay to Cuba. Lack of restraint—tyranny in victory, factiousness in defeat, refusal to join hands to make the machine of government work—there we have the fundamental reason why peoples in many respects more civilized than ourselves have had to bear the reproach of being unfit for independence.

Secretary Taft gave a welcome certificate of character to the Philippine Assembly on this point. He testified that up to the time of his address all matters had been treated in a conservative manner by both the minority and the majority, and he added that the legislators in the Philippines had not shown that lack of interest in public affairs that had made trouble in Cuba. Admiral Dewey's remark nine years ago that the Filipinos were better fitted for self-government than the Cubans was thought rather startling at the time, but Mr. Taft's observations glance in the same direction.

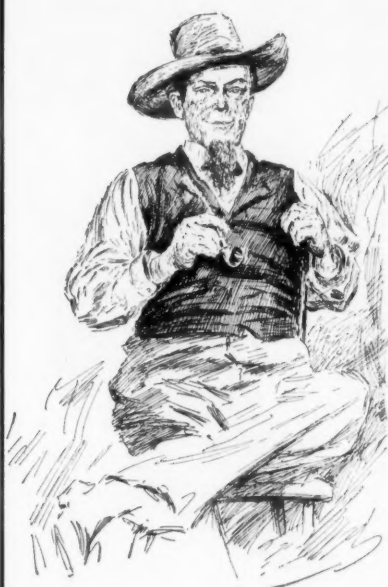
## "Standing by Roosevelt"

### An old war-cry that has lost some of its magic

AMONG the very mixed results of this month's elections one thing stands out rather clearly. The National Administration is no longer the pervasive factor in local affairs that it used to be. There are few quarters left in which an appeal to stand by President Roosevelt is accepted as a substitute for arguments on the merits of the issues. A congratulatory telegram from Kentucky to the White House put the Republican victory in that State on the old ground and another from Chairman Woodruff credited the capture of Brooklyn to the same magnetic force, but the recovery of Cincinnati by the Cox machine could hardly be considered a tribute to the power of the Administration. The voters in New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island did not respond in overpowering numbers to the appeal to stand by the President, and the Republicans of Massachusetts owed nothing to anybody but their enemies. The music of the Administration's bugle horn in Cleveland did not seem to be worth ten thousand voters, or even one voter, per blast. Some Republican orators in San Francisco told their fellow citizens that they ought to vote the machine Republican ticket to please President Roosevelt, but the returns did not show that their advice had been followed to any great extent, and the fact that the President sent a letter to Mr. Heney heartily congratulating him on the result indicates that as a San Francisco voter he would not have "stood by Roosevelt" in a partizan way himself.

The people of each State and locality seemed to have kept their eyes





Of y'r pore old Constitution.  
 "I see some Pork & Beans  
 That wa'nt hard to eat, because—  
 They was so mushy, soupy, soft,  
 Split, busted, an' dejected.  
 "I see some others hard as nails  
 An' others with a set 'o  
 Musty whiskers on 'em when  
 The tin's cut open before heatin'.

"So I want a guarantee  
 That aint a bluff, with mine.  
 "I want my money back,  
 Without back-talk, if I just say  
 'I've eaten better Beans!'  
 "There's only one kind  
 Of Pork & Beans as I know  
 That carries such a guarantee.  
 That's—'Snider-Process' Beans.

"Finest food on Earth?  
 Well—eat 'em once 'an see!  
 "Delicious, temptin', moreish,  
 Every Bean a nugget full of work,  
 A right-down, Muscle-makin' food  
 Without a bad dream in a  
 Bushful.  
 "More nourishin' than Meat,  
 Or Eggs, or other food at any price—  
 Them 'Snider-Process' Beans, that  
 Snider's took the Colic out of,  
 An', in its place, put—  
 Ripe-Tomato-Snider-Catsup.  
 "Go to the Grocery, and  
 Buy yourself a Can!"  
 Says I—"an' see!

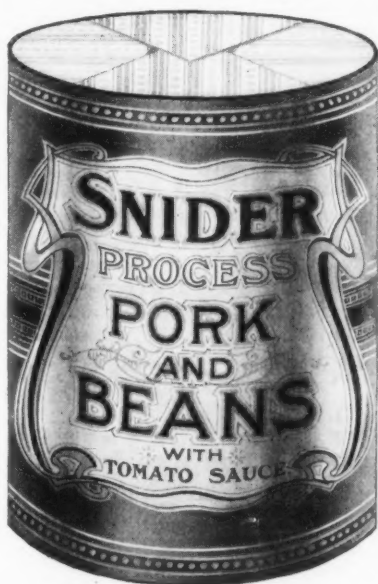
THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.  
 CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

## What Hiram Says

"A MAN said to me, once—  
 'Say, Hiram!' says he,  
 'What do you call the  
 Finest Food on Earth?'  
 "Well," says I—  
 Gimme Pork & Beans,  
 Providin'—  
 They are Snider-Processed first  
 Because—

"When I eat Beans & Pork  
 "I want to know that they've been  
 Made porous in the cookin' so  
 The stomach juices can get into  
 Their fibres to Digest 'em."

"I'm pooty cranky 'bout my Beans,  
 An' some kinds that I see  
 Comin' out o' Cans are  
 Mighty tough to look at, an'  
 Tougher yet on the by-laws



## PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

H-I-M The King's Size  
 for Banquet, Club, or Dinner



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GIFTS

For Christmas Presents there is nothing more lasting and appropriate than a beautiful sparkling diamond or high grade watch. On the Leftis system the outlay of ready money won't be as great as if you paid cash for some cheaper articles. By giving credit and lowest prices we make \$5 or \$10 do the work that \$50 does in a cash store. We deliver the goods on a small payment, balance you pay in equal monthly amounts. Make Your Selections Now from our Christmas Catalog. You will find it a veritable gold mine of Diamond-Cutters, Watchmakers, Jewelers (note of Xmas gift suggestions, and with its aid you can quickly select appropriate presents for all. Write for Christmas catalog today.

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- Specialized Instruction** This is the only correspondence school that makes a specialty of Engineering instruction. A specialist can best teach you to become a specialist.
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- Bound Text Books** The text books furnished to students are not cheap paper pamphlets, but are substantially bound in cloth. They average about 50 to each course. They are prepared especially for home study by the foremost authorities, such as F. B. Crocker, head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University; Wm. Esty, head of Department of Electrical Engineering, Lehigh University; Frederick E. Turneaure, Dean, College of Mechanics and Engineering, University of Wisconsin.
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The best school will give you the best education. The best education will get you the best position and the best pay. If you have ever had to look for a "job" you will appreciate the following clipping:

**THE MONEY VALUE OF AN EDUCATION**  
 The average educated man earns \$1,000 a year. He works forty years, making a total of \$40,000 in a lifetime. The average day laborer gets \$1.50 a day, 300 days in a year, or \$450 per year. He earns \$18,000 in a lifetime. The difference between \$40,000 and \$18,000 is \$22,000. That is the minimum value of an education in mere dollars and cents. The increased self-respect cannot be measured in money.—Clipped.

**You Want the Best** Fill out this coupon and mail it today. We will send you a 200-page hand-book that describes every course in detail.

Students enrolling in a full course before January 1st will get the "Reference Library of Modern Engineering Practice," in 12 volumes, 6000 pages, without extra charge.

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 CHICAGO

### COUPON

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 Send me 200-page hand-book describing over 60 courses. I am interested in the course marked X.

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 ..... Heating, Ventilating and Plumbing .....

Name.....  
 Address.....

Shabby, unclean cards are inexcusable—they spoil the game. A new, clean pack of

## Bicycle Playing Cards

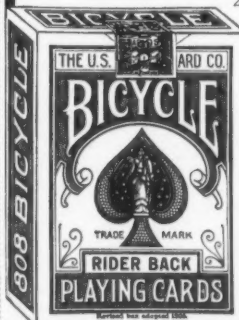
Makes play delightful—and the guests are glad they came.  
 Ivory-white—thin and flexible.

25c. per pack.

It is a pleasure to play with them.

The new game of Quoits. Send 2c. stamp for rules. 192-page book of all card game rules prepaid 10c. stamps or six flap ends of Bicycle tuck boxes.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.  
 811 Congress Court  
 Cincinnati, U. S. A.



## I Make \$3,000.00 a Month Clear From One Penny Arcade

I WANT every man looking for a permanent and safe business in which he can invest from \$1,000 to \$25,000 to consider the immense profits of the Penny Arcade.

There is an ever present and ever increasing public demand for just what the Penny Arcade provides. It has passed the experimental stage, and has become a permanent institution. In my 15 years' experience I have never known an arcade to fail, and today the enterprise is a high grade one, worthy the attention of any substantial, dignified business man.

I am devoting my factory, occupying all of an eight-story building—one-half block square—with its six hundred employees, to the making of Penny Arcade machines.

I know the profits that Penny Arcades earn. At 275 State Street, Chicago, in which one of my Arcades is located, I pay \$1,000 a month rent for the small room, but my net profits exceed \$2,000 a month, just in pennies. I operated Penny Arcades in fifteen amusement parks in various cities last year, and at the close of the summer placed the arcades in the cities, where they are all paying big profits.

The Butler Amusement Company established an Arcade in Butler, Pa., last summer. Their outfit, complete, cost not quite \$3,000. The receipts for the first month were \$1,100. Butler is a small city, only a little over 10,000 population. The Penny Arcade thrives as well in small towns as in big cities.

If the machines I make were not exceedingly profitable for my customers, I would not have been able to build up my manufacturing business to its present million-dollars-a-year output.

You probably will want to confirm my statements. Bradstreet and Dun give me rating of \$300,000. I started without capital; it has all come in pennies. If you are interested, address me personally and I will give you the benefit of my fifteen years' experience. H. S. Mills, President Mills Novelty Co., Private Office, 1214 Mills Building, Jackson Boulevard, and Green St., Chicago.



H. S. MILLS, President.

## The 1908 Catalogue of the Collier Prints and Art Calendars Now Ready

WOULD you like a copy of the new 1908 catalogue of the Collier Prints and Art Calendars, containing 160 or more reproductions, in half-tone and line engraving (some in color), of the works of Charles Dana Gibson, Jessie Willcox Smith, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, and many other leading American artists? In addition you will find a picture and sketch of each of the leading artists. The engravings in this catalogue are made from the originals, which were drawn exclusively for Collier's. They are exact reproductions in black and white, and show the entire collection of proofs, with sizes, prices, and descriptions.

We can not afford to send it free, but if you will send us six two-cent stamps to cover charges we will mail you a copy postpaid.

C. W. STEVENS, Jr., Manager Proof Department, P. F. COLLIER & SON, 421 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

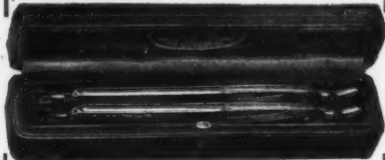
## The Masterpiece A Gentleman's Razor

is a REAL RAZOR  
—A MAN'S RAZOR  
and as perfect a razor as  
human skill can produce.  
After all, there is nothing like  
shaving one's self in the good old-  
fashioned way with the good old-fashioned  
razor; and the majority of those now  
using so-called "Safetys" will eventually  
come back to the open kind—the only real  
razor. The "Masterpiece" is an honest  
razor—hand forged from the finest grain  
Sheffield steel by men expert in their  
craft, and is a masterpiece of the English  
steel maker's art. It passes through  
twenty operations, the most skillful ex-  
perts being employed in every depart-  
ment. It will last a lifetime with ordinary  
care and will give you the easiest, smooth-  
est and most delightful shave you ever  
had, and a real shave—not a scrape.

Price \$2.50 each. \$5.00 per pair  
With round or square end. Ready for use.

## A Royal Xmas Gift

Two selected "Masterpiece" Razors in hand-  
some Morocco leather case, plush lined, \$6.00



or a Seven Day Set consisting of seven selected  
"Masterpiece" Razors, in Morocco leather  
case, plush lined, \$19.50.

All goods delivered free

We have made Razors since 1819

**Guarantee** The knowledge and experience gained  
during these eighty-eight years, com-  
bined with the most expert skill and perfect work-  
manship, are guaranteed you in the "Masterpiece."  
We stand back of all the goods we sell, and money  
will be refunded if goods are not found to be exactly  
as represented, or are not satisfactory in every respect.

Do you know how to shave yourself correctly?

Send for our free booklet "All About Good  
Razors and How to Shave With Comfort."

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., 178 William St., N. Y.

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DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS AT GREAT SAVING

The style of timepiece now carried by  
dressy men is the new thin model watch.  
Its popularity is due to its compactness,  
its beauty, its wearing and timekeeping  
qualities.

Gentleman's Nickel movement, 7 jewels, pendant wind  
and set, lever escapement, quick train, all parts inter-  
changeable, cased in 20 year gold filled case, plain  
polished or engine turned, perfect time-  
keeper. RETAILS FOR \$10 to \$12. **\$6.85**

Kept in order FREE for Five Years  
If watch disappoints in any particular, return it, and  
money will be refunded without question or delay.  
Add 16 cents to price, if you wish watch sent by  
registered mail.

EXTRA THIN MODEL, 11 jewels, cased in 20 year  
case, solid gold ball bearing case. **\$12.85**  
15 jewels, 25 year case. **\$14.75**

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Remarkable values in diamonds

HUNT & McCREE Manufacturers' Brokers,  
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## 20 Fine Shines—10c

Generous Trial Offer—  
to Prove the Quality of  
Eagle Brand Shoe Cream

Send dime and dealer's name  
today for handsome Opal Glass  
Box (with metal screw top) filled  
with this wonderful new shoe polish.  
Shoe Cream gives quick, lasting and  
black leather. Made from pure wax,  
brilliant lustre to all fine  
containing oil—NO ACIDS or Turpentine. Preserves the leather.  
Makes shoes soft, pliable, comfortable. Does not rub off or soil  
the garments. The best shoe polish in the finest, handiest pack-  
age on the market. Your shoe back if not as good as we say.  
Regular size (enough for 20 shines) 25 cents.

The American Shoe Polish Co., 217 No. Franklin St., Chicago

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

pretty clearly on their own local interests and to have voted according to  
their own judgment, without considering how their action would be regarded  
at Washington. The results as a whole were rather satisfactory, for while  
President Roosevelt, with all his temperamental independence, would have  
felt a delicacy about advising anybody to scratch a Republican ticket, the  
plain voters had no hesitation in picking out the men they thought could  
serve them best wherever their names happened to be on the ballots.

## How Not to Do It

### A caricature of popular voting in New York

NEW YORK furnished an admirable illustration on election day of how  
not to take a referendum vote. When the voters went into the booths  
each unexpectedly found himself the happy possessor of two ballots instead  
of one. An inspection of the smaller ballot instructed him to vote for or  
against two constitutional amendments. He was informed that the first one  
had something to do with the debt limits of the cities of the second class.  
Concerning the second the ballot offered no information whatever except  
that it related to such cities. Careful research after the election was over  
disclosed the fact that these amendments, which were extremely important  
to the communities concerned, had been advertised last year before the  
election of State Senators. Their appearance on the ballots this year was a  
complete and startling surprise. The number of voters who acted upon  
them with anything resembling an intelligent opinion must have been a  
negligible quantity. Some voted for them on the general principle that they  
must have been needed or they would not have been proposed, and others  
voted against them on the theory that it was safer to stand still than to go  
ahead in the dark. The majority left their ballots blank.

Even without that thorough preliminary publication and discussion which  
ought always to precede the submission of a constitutional amendment to  
the people, half a dozen lines of explanatory type in this case would have  
enabled the voters to see at least the general direction in which they were  
asked to go. The New York plan does more than merely to reduce the  
referendum to an absurdity; it makes it a public danger.

## The World's Cotton Trade

### America first in mill as well as in field

ACCORDING to returns collected by the International Federation of  
Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers' Association and forwarded  
by Vice-Consul J. W. Thomas of Manchester, the United States is not only the  
greatest cotton-growing but the greatest cotton-manufacturing country in  
the world. It is true that Great Britain is still in the lead in the number of  
spindles, with 50,679,641 at work against 26,642,000 in the United States  
and 37,174,527 for all the rest of the world, but the output of the American  
mills is far ahead of that of any others. In the year ending August 31,  
1907, we used 4,987,000 bales of cotton and Great Britain only 3,462,823  
bales. Germany, the country ranking next in cotton manufacture, used only  
1,661,180 bales, so that the United States consumed almost as much cotton  
as the next two countries combined. It is a rather striking fact that  
the country coming next after Germany, and the only one aside from the  
three leaders to use as much as a million bales a year, was Japan, with a  
consumption of 1,068,000 bales. France took 923,423 bales; Italy 731,337;  
Austria 705,007, and Russia 548,892. These were the only countries that  
went above half a million bales, and there were only two others, Spain, with  
255,754, and Belgium, with 190,756, that went above a hundred thousand.

When it comes to the consumption of American cotton the position of  
the United States as the chief market in the world becomes still more dis-  
tinctive. Although American planters supply over seventy-eight per cent  
of the entire world's demand, and no country of any importance except Japan  
and Russia gets more than a minor part of its material from any other  
source, every country but the United States does use some foreign cotton.  
The result is that American mills use more American cotton than the mills  
of any three foreign countries combined. They take 4,987,000 bales, against  
4,782,468 for Great Britain, Germany, and France put together.

## Not Independence, but Order

### Ex-President Palma explains Cuban aspirations

MR. ESTRADA PALMA, the first and last, or latest, President of inde-  
pendent Cuba, has authorized the publication of a letter which throws  
an interesting light upon the mysterious proceedings that led to the second  
American intervention. It was commonly supposed that Mr. Palma had  
always cherished the ideal of an independent republic, and that he abdi-  
cated his responsibilities in a fit of pique. But now it seems that he never  
regarded the republic as anything more than one means of attaining a more  
important end. He explains that "the final aim of our noble and patriotic  
aspirations was not independence, but a stable government, capable of pro-  
tecting the lives and properties and of guaranteeing the rights of all inhabi-  
tants of Cuba, natives and foreigners alike, and capable also to prevent  
liberty being polluted by anarchical armed disturbances."

Mr. Palma thinks that his action saved his "beloved country from an-  
archy and its natural results of plunder and ruin." He holds his course  
justified by "the sudden reestablishment of peace through the moral and  
material influence of the Americans," and he records his emphatic convic-  
tion that it is "a hundred times better for our beloved Cuba to be in a  
dependent political situation in which liberty is prevailing than in a republic  
independent of a sovereign but discredited and ruined by blasting periodical  
civil strife."

If this represents a sentiment at all general in Cuba, and there are signs  
that it does, the prospects for the withdrawal of American authority seem  
rather remote.

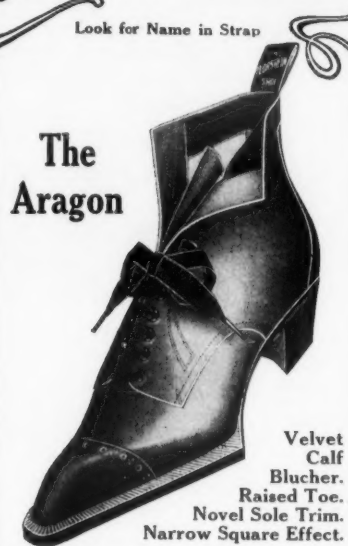
## WHIPPED CREAM

The large percentage of cream in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) permits of sat-  
isfactory whipping, if milk and utensils are thoroughly chilled. Use flat or coarse wire whipper. Quickest results  
are obtained by whipping in bowl packed in ice. Add a little vanilla and confectioners' sugar.—Adc.

## The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

## The Aragon



Velvet  
Calf  
Blucher.  
Raised Toe.  
Novel Sole Trim.  
Narrow Square Effect.

There's Exclusiveness—  
There's Style—  
There's Comfort—  
There's Long Service—  
In the Florsheim Shoe—

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot."  
Send for it. Most styles sell for \$5 and \$6.

Florsheim & Company  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



## Right Coffee Brings Health

Right Coffee contains nothing injuri-  
ous—on the contrary, it aids digestion,  
tones the nerves and invigorates the  
tired. Boiled Coffee is spoiled coffee—  
right coffee is coffee made in the

## Manning- Bowman "METEOR" Coffee Percolator

The grounds are separated from the  
liquid and the tannic acid and bitter  
principles are not steeped out as they are  
by the ordinary methods. By an auto-  
matic circulating process nothing but the  
good is extracted, leaving the grounds  
where they will do no harm and giving  
you not only a healthful beverage but  
better coffee and saves one third over  
the old way.

At the leading dealers in the new style with al-  
cohol burner or in Coffee Pot Style for use on  
gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes.  
Write for descriptive booklet L-25.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

## FLEXIBLE FLYER The Sled that Steers

With 1907-8 Improvements. The swift-  
est, safest, strongest sled ever invented.  
The fastest sled for boys. The only sled  
girls can properly control. Steering with-  
out dragging the feet lets it go full speed  
—saves its cost in shoes the first season  
—prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's  
bills. Made of second growth white ash  
and steel—built to last.

## MODEL SLED FREE.

Write for cardboard model showing just how it works;  
sent free with colored Christmas booklet, and prices.  
S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101M, Philadelphia, Pa.

Patentees and Manufacturers.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



# Williams' Shaving Stick

**"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"**

The shave you "feel all day" is often due to the use of a harsh, quick-drying shaving soap. The lather of Williams' Shaving Soap is creamlike and soothing. It quickly puts the beard in shape for shaving and leaves the skin cool and refreshed.

Williams' Shaving Stick can now be had in a handsome, heavily-nickeled, hinged-top box, which can be opened and closed with one hand. It can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A  
GLASTONBURY, CONN.



THE NEW NICKELED BOX  
HINGED COVER



### HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

#### Revised Formula

**Glycerin.** Has marked healing and soothing properties, especially indicated for rashes, eruptions, and itching of the scalp. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair.  
**Capsicum.** Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of all the glands and tissues of the scalp.  
**Tea.** Rosemary Leaves, Bay Rum. Especially valuable in falling hair.  
**Sulphur.** Absolutely essential for the prompt and total destruction of the "falling hair germ" and the "dandruff germ."  
**Boroglycerin.** An antiseptic of high merit. **Alcohol.** Stimulant. Antiseptic. Preservative. **Water.** Perfume.

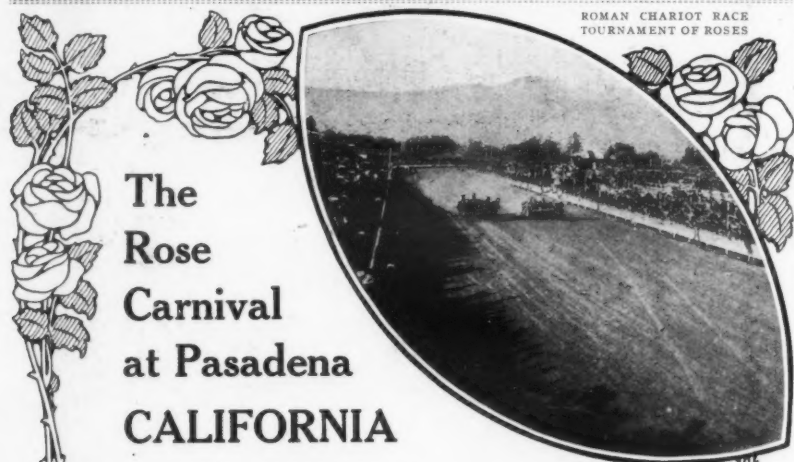
#### FALLING HAIR

#### DANDRUFF

Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases. Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs. "To cure dandruff is to prevent baldness." A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair. Show this formula to your family physician. He is acquainted with each ingredient, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use for falling hair, dandruff, etc. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient in it.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR



## The Rose Carnival at Pasadena CALIFORNIA

On New Year's Day of each year, thousands of visitors from every corner of the globe flock to the beautiful city of Pasadena to witness the Tournament of Roses, one of the many mid-winter attractions of California. This land of magnificent scenery and delightful climate—the Mecca of all who seek rest and recreation—is most comfortably reached via

## The Overland Limited of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway

This train exemplifies in every detail what luxury and refinement may be enjoyed through ideal appointment and equipment. Electric lighted throughout; unequalled service in dining, sleeping and library-observation cars.

Leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, at 6.05 p. m., completing trip in less than three days. Also a train at 10.10 p. m., with through standard and tourist sleepers. Literature upon addressing

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PRIZE FLOATS  
TOURNAMENT  
OF ROSES



## Ask the Fat Man



SOMETHING COMFORTABLE — pleasant — jolly — about a fat man that always gets me.

And I've got more fat man friends today than any man who ever "talked clothes."

"Pre-Shrunk" got 'em all for Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.

They saw the point—right off the bat.

Now you take a Slim Jim—a fellow like a post in the back yard that you tie the line to and just hang the clothes on to—HE'S EASY to "fit" beside my FAT friend.

I ought to know. Look at me. It's a cinch for a shadow like me to buy satisfactory suits and overcoats since I started to wear

spite of weather and wearing them all the time or any old time.

FAT men know the horrors of clothes that shrink and bag, where they shouldn't, and bind and chafe where it hurts. FAT men also know now that Kaufman Garments can't, don't and won't "welch" in the fabric—in shape—or in style.

Because the Kaufman Exclusive "Pre-Shrinking" Process shrinks the fabric in the piece, before it is cut into the Garment, it's dollars in your pocket that Kaufman Garments will suit YOU—fat or thin.

Kaufman Dealers have latest varieties in models

# Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

Other Clothes used to get me mad easy when I paid good money—liked 'em—wore 'em—got damp or rained on. Then they'd shrink all out of shape—so that all the tailors in town couldn't get any style back into them again.

Because no clothes—except Kaufman Garments—are Properly "Pre-Shrunk" the Exclusive Kaufman Way—hard and fast to stay-style and wear—looks in

and patterns. Each Garment "Pre-Shrunk"—Guaranteed by Kaufman Trade-Mark in each Suit and Overcoat—To please you, or money back.

Value in each Garment equal to much higher prices in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments that stay what you pay to get—\$12. to \$30.

Our Prices range from \$12. to \$30. Most people can be suited in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments—**\$15. to \$18.**



Ask Kaufman Dealers for the New Kaufman Fall and Winter Style Book.

—Most interesting to read.

—On "Pre-Shrunk" advantages.

—Or, write Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.





View of  
Riverside,  
California,  
from  
Rubidoux  
Heights.

Riverside is the center of the orange groves and flower gardens of Southern California. Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, is a luxurious hotel, with an architecture and environment typical of the old mission days.



## Go to sunny California this winter on the California Limited

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All the way, every day

Carries a Pullman for **Grand Canyon of Arizona**, and a **Fred Harvey** dining car. New compartment and drawing-room Pullmans; also observation sleeper (with ladies' parlor) and a buffet-club car.

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Address, W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr., A. T. & S. F. System, 1118-R., Railway Exchange, Chicago.



Chicago to California



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Almost anyone who knows anything about men's fine clothes, will tell you that Kuppenheimer Overcoats are unquestionably the best. Even the high-priced custom tailor shrugs his shoulders and frankly admits that he doesn't understand how we do it. You will find it well worth your time to prove it.

In almost every community where there is a good clothier—a particular merchant—you'll find an exclusive representative of The House of Kuppenheimer. We will gladly send an authoritative book, *Styles for Men*, merely for the asking.

**THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER**  
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON



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THE MASTER CRITIC

Flour?  
*"Pillsbury's BEST"*  
*You*  
*Know the rest.*

We point to

## Pillsbury's BEST Flour

as the best recommendation for the superior  
 quality of our new breakfast food

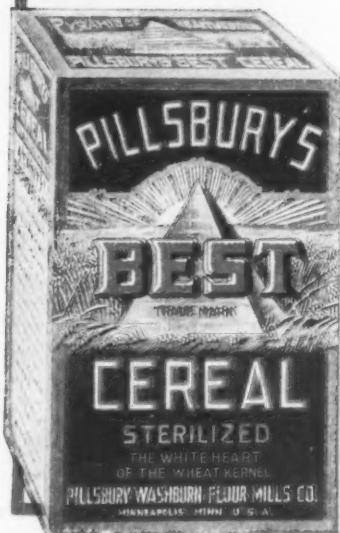
## Pillsbury's BEST Cereal

For nearly half a century Pillsbury's Best Flour  
 has been the standard in the Flour business  
 the world over. Our new breakfast food is  
 made with the same care, from the same selected  
 wheat, in the same great mills at Minneapolis.

Each package makes 12 lbs. of delicious,  
 creamy white food.

*Look for the name PILLSBURY on  
 your flour sack and cereal package.  
 Ask your Grocer.*

*The  
 Breakfast Food*



*The Flour*



### The following Special Recipe for Children -

*Takes a little more time and trouble than to prepare in the ordinary way.  
 But it has been discovered that this makes the ideal food for little folks.*

Pour one quart of boiling water into a cold pan, add one-half teaspoonful  
 of salt, and then stir in slowly one cup (one-half pint) of Pillsbury's  
 Best Cereal.

Cook thirty minutes, or longer, in a covered pan set in boiling water.

Cooking three-quarters of an hour will not injure, but rather add to its delicacy. In  
 such instances, however, it is often necessary to stir in a little boiling water to keep  
 it from becoming too thick. Serve hot with cream and sugar.